



*AUSTRALIANA*

OR

*MY EARLY LIFE*

—  
RICHMOND HENTY



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AUSTRALIANA.









*Wesley Henry*

# A U S T R A L I A N A

OR

## *My Early Life*

BY

RICHMOND HENTY

*FIRST WHITE NATIVE OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
OF VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA*

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TO  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
*THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH*  
I Dedicate this Book,  
BY KIND PERMISSION,  
IN REMEMBRANCE OF A PLEASANT DAY WITH  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
AMONGST THE KANGAROO.





**T**HESE Memoirs were written for the private perusal of my friends, but some who have read them pressed me to publish them. Hence this volume.

The "Great Ego" obtrudes himself throughout the pages, but the reader will see how utterly impossible it was for me to get rid of this inevitable satellite. Kindly be lenient in your criticism on the record of the wanderings of a stray

KANGAROO.









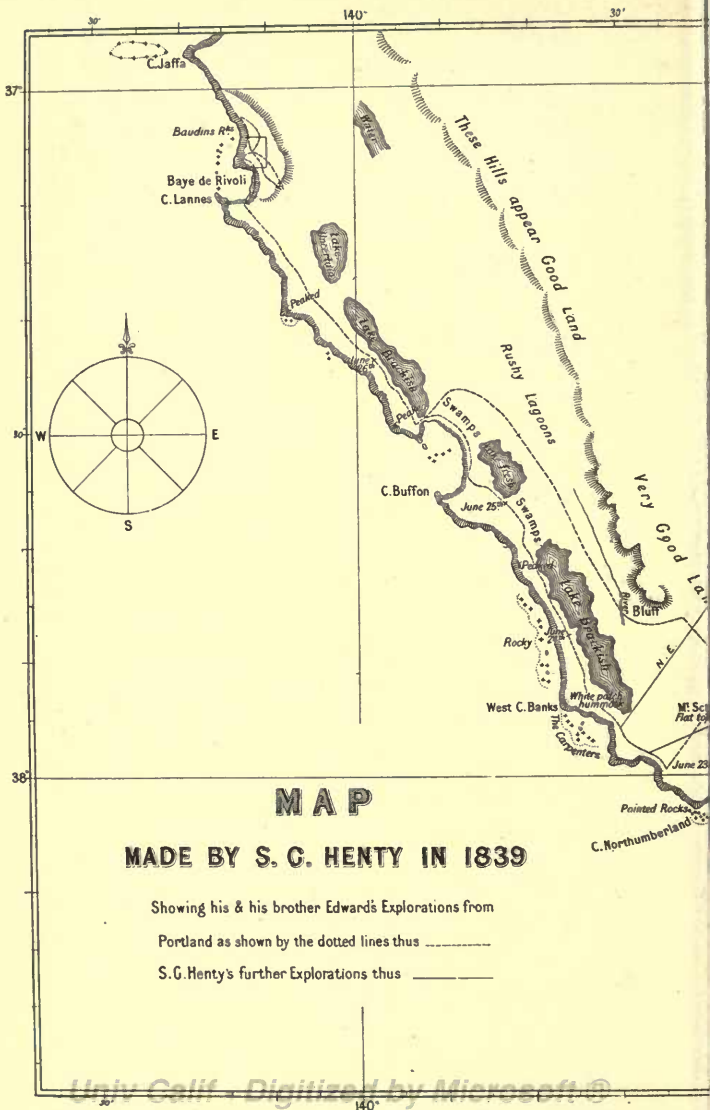
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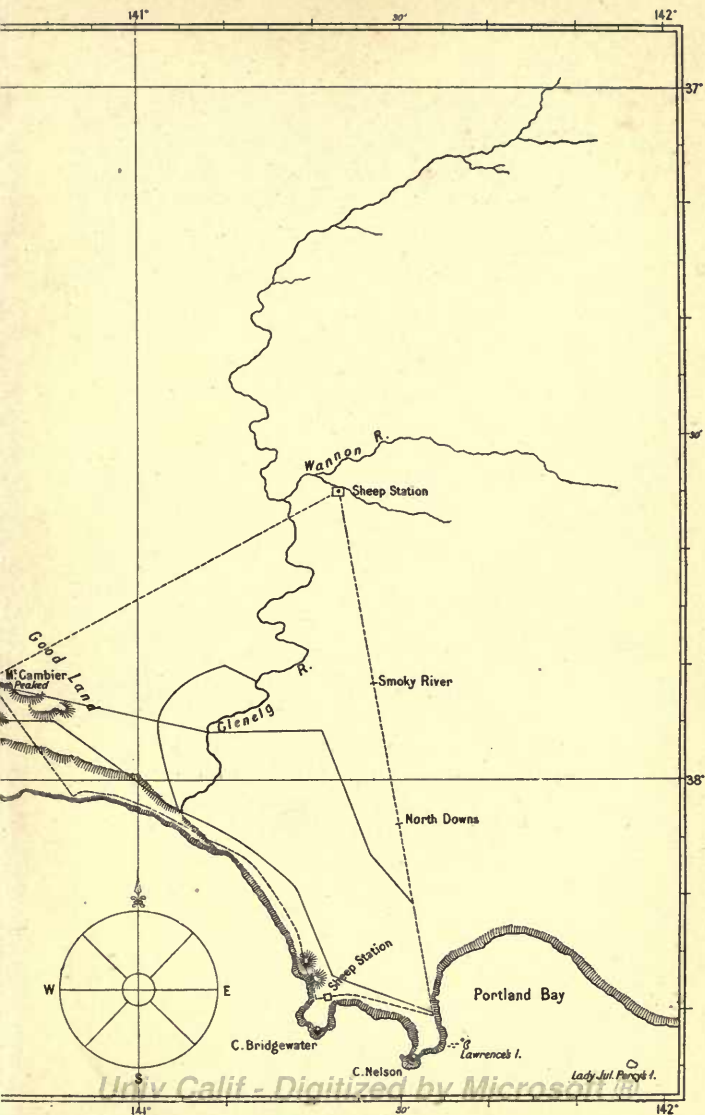
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# AUSTRALIANA.

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## CHAPTER I.

### *THE ABORIGINES OF VICTORIA— PORTLAND BAY TRIBE.*

**M**A, Billy ! Where you been this long time ? Where Jacky and Tommy, Mary, Jenny, and Charlie ? Where all about blackfellow ?

Such were the questions I asked my old chum and blackfellow, Black Billy of the Portland tribe, upon returning to the district after an absence of some years. Billy was a bit of a character in his way, and had been my old companion in many a hunt after the kangaroos, wallaby, bandicoot, and opossum in the gum-tree forests and ti-tree scrubs ; and many a fine eel, black-fish, and topawn did we capture in the Surrey River and various creeks, near where

A

now stands the old town of Portland. I say "old," for though only a few years had elapsed since its site was the home of the "blackfellow," yet it was "old" in one sense as being the first settled town in the colony of Victoria. Well! the natives have now all passed away, let us hope to the happy hunting-grounds of their forefathers, though some vestiges of their former encampments may still be found. Billy's answer to my question was a sad one.

"All," pointing to the earth, "quamby a'long a' here."

"All dead, Billy?"

"Yes, only me now!"

And this man then was the last of his tribe, a tribe which numbered in my early days many hundred souls!

How rapidly have the "blacks" died away before the presence of the white man, or shall I write, civilisation in the shape of vice and the rum bottle! Alas! this so-called civilisation may do well enough for the white man, but for the poor black aboriginal it means speedy extinction. And yet the natives in this district were a fine-looking race, well-grown, well-fed fellows, reaching to beyond the average standard of height—for the climate is temperate, the country abounded in game, and the rivers teemed with fish.

Jacky Jacky had no trouble in supplying his simple wants—for in addition to abundance of food, the skins of the kangaroo and opossum furnished him with clothing, and the friction caused by rubbing two sticks rapidly together supplied the fire necessary for the preparation of his meals, &c. ; but fire-water and other poisons which followed the trail of the white man did their work, and the untutored savage dwindled away before them like snow exposed to the summer's sun.

It is worth noticing that this destroying influence is not alone confined to the Australian native, but extends to all black peoples (except Africans and East Indians) which have come into contact with the whites, and especially the whites of the Northern European nations of the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races.

The races of Celtic origin in any settlements they have formed in countries inhabited by black or coloured people have invariably amalgamated with the natives, and have merged their nationality. In fact they have been almost absorbed by the black races amongst whom they have settled after the lapse of a few generations.

Not so the Scandinavian or Teuton. Before him the aboriginals fade away, cease to propagate their species, and die out. In short,

to go much farther, even the Celtic settlers amongst this hardy and conquering race are absorbed by it, and speedily lose their nationality. This fact should be well considered. It perhaps points to a mighty future for these races, as it now shows a great present, inasmuch as in the space of less than three hundred years it has spread over the vast continent of North America, displacing all indigenous and absorbing all foreign elements in its progress, the island continent of Australia, the islands of Oceania, and even the southern portion of the continent of Africa. Its language and its civilisation grasps firm hold wherever it is planted. Of the 36,000 papers published in the world, nearly 24,000 are printed in the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic tongues, by means of which, owing to their moral tone and evangelising tendency, the simple yet noble truths of Christianity are spread wherever the presence of these great races of the white man makes itself known. The language spreads everywhere, and is rapidly becoming the sole vehicle for intercommunication throughout the globe.

It has been said that the aboriginal of Australia is about the most inferior type of the great family of man, and that because of this low status his extinction is so rapid; but the so-called noble Red Indian—the really noble New Zealander, or rather Maori—the dark

racés of Oceania, equally with the despised Papuan, fade away before the conquering Anglo-Saxon, and are rapidly becoming a tradition of the past. In a few more generations they will be as archæologically interesting as the extinct dodomoa and mammoth kangaroo.

I cannot help a kindly feeling for the aboriginal Australian, and though this may be saying much, yet when one considers that he was utterly untutored and ignorant of all matters that go to regulate our daily lives—no written code of moral law to guide him—little social rule—but only his own natural inclination to lead him, it is surprising that he had not sunk to even a lower grade than that in which he was found. In his own way—in his knowledge of woodcraft, his quick, unerring eye, his sharpness in detecting the slightest indication of signs, tracks, sounds, &c.—the European could not approach him ; while, on the other hand, he was quick to acquire the ordinary mechanical knowledge of his white teacher—such as riding, bullock-driving, the use of the stock-whip, picking up the language ; in running, jumping, throwing the ball, cricketing (as to the latter what cricketer fails to remember the performances of Black Billy Cussens, Mullagh, &c. &c.), the native was wonderfully clever.

In their national habits savages, of course ;

but that they possessed quick intelligence and aptitude no one who knew them could deny, and, moreover, they were faithful to kind treatment. To steal seemed to them, when under no obligation to a white man, a sort of prescriptive right. They could not understand being punished for a theft.

"What for," said a blackfellow to a Justice of the Peace, when sentenced to be put in the lock-up for theft—"what for you say I steal? What for you steal my country? *You* big one thief! What for you quamby along o' here? Geego along o' your country, and let blackfellow alone." Sharp on the J. P., wasn't it?

After all, in this case the old custom seems to hold good, that "might makes right," and one has only to look back a few centuries to find that in the old country this principle ruled, when the powerful made slaves of and robbed the weak.

We are prone to look upon the audacity of the "big thief" with much false admiration, but mete out in holy horror condign punishment to the small offender.

Your Paul Duvals and Robin Hoods are held in much esteem in popular romance; a coronet covers many punishable peccadilloes; some great men are fonder of sheep and deer than the legitimate occupier *man*, and dispossess the

latter for the sake of the former, and all glossed over by the halo of society; but the poor starving wretch who dares to take a mouthful of bread to check his gnawing hunger, or the shivering creature who appropriates a worn-out blanket to ward off a little of the cold snow or wintry blast, is consigned to a miserable prison as one whose breath is poison—as one whose very presence is looked upon as a plague-spot in the light of day!

See to it ye that sip the sunshine of this life!

There is One that judgeth!

Progression in the acquisition of countries is the excuse on the one side, and respect for conventionalities on the other. Well, I suppose it must be right, only don't be too hard upon poor "Jacky," who, if he "lifts" a few head of cattle or sheep from the herds and flocks of the intruding white man, only repeats the roving propensities of some of our forefathers in the good old days, while even in the present day our people somewhat requisitionise upon the lands of the Kaffirs, Zulus, and other savages, under the guise of humanity and civilisation!







## CHAPTER II.

### *SOCIAL LIFE.*

**T**HE blackfellow was the husband of one wife, but possibly prudential motives may have been at the bottom of this. He had the undoubted right to thrash his wife. One he might manage, but two might be one too many for him. Some of our white folk thrash their wives—to say nothing of other legal means of persecution—and thus are on a level with the poor black.

He was a jealous husband, and almost all squabbles and wars arose out of this sentiment. Imagination or actual reality made him very keen in seeking vengeance for family wrongs and encroachments. He knew no supreme good influence, but devoutly believed in an evil being which he called “Debble Debble,” of whom he stood in great dread—not dread of punishment

as we understand it, but a fear of some unknown pain, and also more especially of death—of the latter to such a degree, that upon the demise of an individual in the camp an immediate removal would take place to some other spot. When they saw the white man for the first time they believed that some of their departed had returned to them in this form, and they rejoiced accordingly, and for some time they held to the idea that “blackfellow die—by and by jump up white man.” Subsequent familiarity with the whites soon disabused them of this delusion. They had several strange practices, apparently meant to appease the supposed wrath of the much-dreaded evil influence. One or two of these I remember, and which came under my own observation.

“Black Charlie” was one of the many “hangers-on” about our house. He and his “lubra” used to cut wood, and do other light outside work. One day poor Charlie became very ill. We fitted up a comfortable place for him, and I, then a lad, used to assist in nursing him, for Charlie and I were great “chums.” He was one of my instructors in the mysteries of Australian bush life, such as throwing the boomerang, the kangaroo spear, the waddy, making and using the “boombermart” (of which more anon), spearing eels, finding the great white

tree grub (an excellent morsel), hunting the opossum, snaring the bandicoot, creeping upon the wild duck or black swan, and other bush accomplishments.

Charlie did not get well, but gradually wasted away. One day, as usual, I went to him, and found him in a very excited state, his wife crooning by his side, and wailing forth a dirge of sorrow.

“What’s the matter, Mary?”

“Him big Jim. Him want cut Charlie, along o’ here, and take him kidney fat.”

“Why?”

“Him say Charlie die—want him fat here,” pointing to the region of the kidneys.

Upon inquiry it transpired that it arose out of one of their superstitions. In order to appease the evil influence it was necessary before the decease of one of the tribe to take away the kidney fat as a charm against misfortune to the living. Charlie’s fear arose from the fact that the chief, “Big Jim,” had sent a message to the effect that he would come and cut this fat out. He came with some others of the tribe, and force had to be used to prevent this, and to protect my poor black friend.

Charlie died. Peace be with him! He was true to his salt.

Another superstition I well remember. In-

telligence was received by my father that the chief, aided by his tribe, was causing one of the blacks to be starved to death, allowing no one to approach the doomed man. Immediately on learning this we went to the encampment, and in a mia mia (native hut) in the middle of the camp, sure enough there was a perfect living skeleton. The sight can never be forgotten—most horrible in its ghastliness. The skin tightly drawn over the bones, upon which there did not appear to be a particle of flesh ; sunken eyes, which glistened awfully in their deep recesses ; bony, claw-like hands and feet, nose gone, ribs, skull, and bones of the legs sharply defined. Horrible ! the man was in the last stage of life. We fed him sparingly ; he ate ravenously. He was raised to his feet in the mia mia ; and clinging to the roof with one hand, stretched forth the other, bony and claw-like, for more food, more food ! We gave him more, and left a supply for him, but next morning heard of his death. There were some ceremonies performed, at which no white man was permitted to attend, and finally the poor remains were burnt. The object of this superstition was never ascertained by us. It was thought that the blacks would not travel at night, but on one occasion I came suddenly at midnight upon a whole tribe in full march.

This was, I believe, very unusual ; and there must have been some extraordinary cause for this migration.

The blacks were always very jealous of any of the tribe absenting themselves amongst the whites beyond a certain time, and once, when one of our most intelligent black lads broke this rule, he was decoyed away into the scrub, and brutally murdered by two of his tribe. The cause of this superstition has not been discovered. It may have had some connection with their notion that when a blackfellow died—"by and by him jump up white man!" This would give but a poor notion of their idea of a future state, although the fact that they *did* so think showed that they had a belief in another existence, and so subscribed to the thought of a resurrection, probably a dim notion of the transmigration of souls, and consequently of the immortality of the soul. Their food was various, and little came amiss to them. Kangaroo was their beef, wombat their mutton, while in smaller game wallaby, opossum, and bandicoot were choice food. The white ant, eaten greedily by them, was found in the decayed hollow at the root of the gum-tree ; while a large white grub, somewhat resembling a silkworm, was eagerly sought for in the gum and honeysuckle trees. Snakes were eaten, but only when killed

by themselves. Of wild fowl, the black swan (that *rara avis* of the ancients), many kinds of ducks, magpies, and solan geese, the grand wild turkey or bustard, a bird weighing up to twenty-five pounds—bronze-wing pigeons, and in fact almost all kinds of birds came alike to them, while fish on the coast and in the rivers, shell-fish, &c., and whale flesh (when obtainable) added to the supplies.

The women when young were comely and *bashful*—read and mark this, O ye girls of the period! The young men were well formed and good-tempered. Both sexes soon aged in appearance. With their weapons either for the chase or war they were very expert.





## CHAPTER III.

### *WEAPONS, ETC.*

**T**HE war spear was heavy, from ten to eleven feet long, with a row of barbs cut out of the wood on one side for about eight inches from the point. This spear was thrown with the wommera, a piece of wood about two feet long, a hook at one end, which fitted into a hole at the end of the spear. This instrument gave the man throwing the spear a great lever power, and thus enabled him to cast the weapon a good distance and with great force.

Shape of spear thus—

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A lighter spear was used for killing game. It was armed with a double row of sharp flints, chipped from flint stones, and set edge up, fixed



to the spear about five inches from the point on either side, and secured in a very strong cement or gum, procured partly from the common grass-tree or "black-boy," so called from its long dark stem and dark seed head (when dry). At the other end of this spear the dry stem of this plant was fixed, and acted much to the same purpose as the feather to the arrow, directing the flight of the spear when thrown. The dried stem of the black-boy is light but strong.

Shape of this spear—



With the aid of the wommera this spear could be thrown a long distance with great force and unerring aim.

The eel-spear consisted of a long straight stem of the ti-tree, and the point was shod or fitted with a smooth bone, taken either from the kangaroo or emu. With this spear great dexterity was shown in catching or rather spear-  
ing eels. The native, grasping the spear high up with his right hand, and sliding it through his half-closed left, darted the spear into the soft mud of the creek or swamp, and upon feeling the quiver of the stricken fish, cleverly turns the wriggling captive up from its muddy bed, thrusts its head into his mouth, and with a quick, powerful bite, dislocates the neck, and

then throws the fish to his expectant "gin," his wife. I have often seen this done.

The women were very clever at making mats, baskets, and a kind of large net or basket for fishing. These articles were made from a rush which grows on the banks of the creeks and in the swamps.

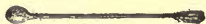
The blacks employed an ingenious method for catching birds. A screen, called a boomer-mart, made of green branches and leaves, about three feet in diameter, is grasped in the centre by one hand, while a long thin rod of ti-tree with a loop of strong grass for small birds, or kangaroo sinew for large game, attached to the end, is held in the other. Behind the boomer-mart is screened the native; then quietly, stealthily approaching his quarry he adroitly drops the loop over the head of the unsuspecting bird, and with a twist of the wrist secures and drags the victim towards him. I have seen a score of ground parrots secured out of one flock at one time in this way.

The native turkey or bustard usually keeps to the open country, but as he possesses great curiosity, this often proves fatal to him, and he is the more easily captured by the above method than could have been expected from so suspicious and wary a bird. It is well known among sportsmen that the wild turkey is diffi-

cult to approach near enough for a sure shot on foot, yet I have shot them so, by taking advantage of their known inquisitiveness. On one occasion, when driving out to an outstation, I saw a flock of turkeys in the horse-paddock, and as my gun was always my companion when visiting my shepherds, I determined to try for a turkey for my Sunday's dinner. As the fence was between myself and the birds, I could not approach them in the buggy, so slipping down on the off side I crept slowly to a small clump of high salt bush, and, arriving there, had a look at the game—a noble cock leading the flock. They were too far for a safe shot, so pulling off my old wide-awake I stuck it on the top of a bush and waited anxiously for the result. Presently, and to my delight, the old bird straightened himself up, and turning his grand old head from side to side, and ogling coquettishly the strange thing on the bush, marched slowly but steadily towards it. The flock followed, but stopped from time to time to pick up a good fat cricket, or some other dainty too tempting to pass by. At last they came to within range of my trusty double-barrel, when I rolled over the leader, and took another on the wing. This occurred long years after when I was on the back plains of the Murumbidgee, New South Wales.

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The "waddy" is a powerful weapon in the hands of the native. With unerring aim he brings down many a bird, and so materially assists in replenishing the family larder. It is shaped thus



and is really only a straight bit of strong oak, with a knob at one end, while the other end is roughened to enable the hands to obtain a firm grasp. The boomerang! How and when these people got the idea of using a curved piece of flat wood, slightly bent outwards at each end in opposite directions—who may tell! A school-boy can fashion, but it takes a blackfellow to throw it, or, if a white man, then he must be well tutored by his dusky brother first. Thrown from the unpractised hand of the white man, it will probably, after taking its aerial flight—gyrating rapidly and ever more rapidly—return and strike the unlucky thrower, while from the hand of the native it will fly straight from the thrower a hundred yards away. Still again it can be made to skim along the ground for some thirty yards, and then rising gracefully into the air return to the spot whence it rose, burying one end deep in the ground. Again the black-boy, by way of practice or pastime, brings down the swallow on the wing. The boomerang is a

simple-looking but wonderful weapon, and I much fear that "Jacky Jacky" would be greatly puzzled if called upon to explain the cause of its flighty antics, although it has been in the family for centuries. They have, too, the light reed spear for practice, made from the swamp cane. With this the blacks would spear at each other, and it was marvellous how dexterous they were in eluding the coming spear; and very rarely did a spear reach its mark, although thrown only a few yards. With this spear, too, they were very expert in picking off "black-money" (a penny or halfpenny) from the top of a short upright stick, stuck in the ground at twenty or thirty yards. The coin must be struck fairly with the point or the shot did not count. Mentioning "blackmoney" reminds me that the native *then* looked with contempt upon a sixpence, preferring a penny any day, because of its size! Happy mortals! to be thus contented with so little. What cares and temptations you escaped, oh ye simple-minded ones! Delicious ignorance! Man builds up around himself an artificial life called civilisation, which becomes from habit a necessity, by which he is ruled by a rod of gold, or—to quote our American cousins—the almighty dollar, and which is constantly developing new requirements, in order to attain which he is ever in a whirl of

anxious activity, thought, and perplexity. These fancied requirements are but extraneous luxuries and require gold to supply them, while of real pleasure how much they rob us off! Faith! I don't enjoy my tea now half as well as when made on the bush fire in a "tin-billy" in the old time long ago! But useless regrets—progress the inevitable—move on, your carriage stops the way. Jacky soon learnt that silver was of more value than copper and gold than silver, but I never remember him to have preferred a five-pound note to a sovereign. Well, the knowledge of the power of money taught my black friend soon to learn to his injury the seductiveness of "grog." He copied the grosser part of the white man's nature too readily, and so sealed his fate, for the indulgences of this newly acquired passion for strong drink was the signal for his rapid extermination as a race, and so I may even now write his epitaph and say, Peace to his ashes!

To return to his weapons, I must write a word about his shield and his war-club or "leeangle." The shield was three-sided, broadest in the centre, and tapering to a point at each end. It was held in the left hand through a hole cut in the wood for the purpose. It was about three inches wide in the middle. With this simple defence, the native could ward

off the boomerang, waddy, spear, and leeangle. The latter was shaped thus



I have seen two chiefs fight with shield and leeangle. The blows would rain down upon the shields and sound and resound again, while the combatants, in their hideous war-paint of broad stripes of white ochre drawn across their dusky chests, brows, and bodies, looked like the imaginary incarnation of the spirits of the infernal regions, horrifying the spectator, as at each moment he expects to see one of the sable warriors felled to the earth, and perhaps his brains bespattering the neighbouring gum-tree. Yet they seldom killed, and only once I know of a very serious accident happening in a combat of this kind. One fellow received a blow from the point of a leeangle, just behind his ear, inflicting a gash that would have sent a European to his final account; but the native, after howling awhile, simply got some soft clay and applied a huge lump to his wound, and, *voilà !* was as ready as ever for his damper and grilled bones !





## CHAPTER IV.

### ' THE CORROBBEREE.

**T**HE native dance or Corrobberee was a curious affair: An open space in the timber, a fine night, raging fires, the dusky warriors standing round, the boys and black women looking on, the dancers in their paint, and adorned round the head and from below the knee with green gum twigs and leaves, and ranged in two lines. The older women or "gins" sitting near, each with two sticks in their hands to beat time with, and the singing—well, how shall we call it?—of the women, the advance, the retire, the quivering of the limbs, and prolonged ha-a—a-uh (in a wonderful quivering tone not to be described in writing) of the men, the shaking and rustling of their leafy attire or adornments, the excitement and finish of all! pandemonium—but novel and in-



teresting, and in my district now a thing of the past.

The older women always carried long and rather thick poles called "yam-sticks," and in winter always fire, held between two stout pieces of bark, so that they were always ready to make a fire either for warmth or to cook their food. Their usual dress was an opossum or kangaroo rug slung round their shoulders, hanging down behind but open in front. They wore a stick, like a common lead-pencil, thrust through the cartilage of the nose. At their backs they carried the native-made basket, in which the "picaninny" was placed, or any food collected during the day. They were always very fond of their "yam-sticks," and great was their rage with us boys if by any chance we could secrete them. Their fury was then magnificent, and the volleys of abuse and "yabber yabber" they would then utter would have raised the envy of the greatest "Mrs. Moriarty" in the Billingsgate Fishmarket or any other. They were fond of their children and dogs, of which latter they possessed a great many.

I never saw the blacks in my district use canoes, but on the Murray and other large rivers they were common. These consisted of a long piece of bark stripped from the gum-tree, kept open by cross sticks, and stopped at each end

with clay—rather a frail bark in which to cross a wide stream.

The language of the tribes differed much, each tribe using a different dialect, though all the dialects showed such affinity as to prove the common origin of the race ; yet still even adjoining tribes had some difficulty in understanding each other easily. I used to know a fair number of words, but only remember a few, and these confined to some four numbers, viz., Kiapa 1, Politcha 2, Balambea 3, Politcha politcha 4.

There is a native missionary station now at Lake Condah, near Portland, where some sixty or more, descended from the natives, reside, mostly half breeds. These cultivate a little, and are but poor specimens of their forefathers.

When his H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh visited Chatsworth on the Hopkins River, Victoria, Australia, he met there a true aboriginal about my own age, with whom His Royal Highness shook hands. Jacky was very proud of this. He was employed by the late Mr. Rutledge of Farnham near Warnambool, and amongst other duties had to clean his master's boots. After meeting the Prince, Jacky refused point blank to clean any more boots. " Mine shake hands along o' Prince," said he.

“Me jump up now; you no shake hands, you poor fellow. Mine no more clean him boots!” Satisfactory reasoning to Jacky no doubt; but he had to “clear,” as with a “You——black rascal, I’ll break every bone in your body, you black vagabond,” his irate master shied a boot at Jacky’s head. I am happy to add that the latter returned to his allegiance, and was once more restored to favour.

Jacky and I were the only two “natives” who had the honour that day of shaking hands with royalty, and from that time Jacky claimed me as his white brother.





## CHAPTER V.

### MY PARENTAGE.

**M**Y grandfather, Thomas Henty, was the owner of the freehold of West Tarring, and part proprietor of Henty's Bank at Worthing, Sussex, and having a large family, was tempted by the large grants of land offered by the British Government to those disposed to settle in Western Australia, to send some of his sons to that colony. He accordingly chartered the barque *Caroline* (Tewson, master), which he freighted with a quantity of farm implements, draught and pure horses (some of the latter from the stud of the Earl of Egremont), pure merino sheep, originally from the flock of George III., pure cattle, a plentiful supply of stores, seeds of all kinds, and also many farm labourers.

My father with his two brothers, James and John, were put in charge of the whole, and the

vessel sailed from the coast of Sussex, in the year 1829.

After a long and tedious voyage of nearly seven months they reached Swan River, Western Australia, and after landing the stock, &c., the work of exploration immediately commenced. My father and his brother John, with a party of their men, started for the interior to look for country suitable for stock, James remaining at Perth.

After a thorough search the party returned half-starved and in such a condition as to be almost unrecognisable by their friends. Convinced that no favourable country could be obtained, and also having lost so many of their valuable stock by a poisonous herb, the brothers determined to quit Western Australia for Tasmania, then known as Van Diemen's Land. They had previously advised their father of their intention, and requested him with the rest of the family to sail for Launceston, a township situated forty miles from the mouth of the broad and beautiful river Tamar in that island. Acting on this advice my grandfather chartered the ship *Forth of Alloway* (Robertson, master) and with my grandmother and the rest of the family—namely, Charles, Edward, Frank, and Jane, together with sheep, cattle, horses, and servants, sailed for the above destination. Here

on arrival they met with fresh disappointments, as they found it impossible to obtain a grant of land, such grants having just been withdrawn by the Home Government. When he applied for a grant to the Governor of Tasmania, my father boldly rode across the island from Launceston to Hobart Town, the distance to and fro of two hundred and forty miles. When one considers that the country was at that time infested by bushrangers, and that the notorious Brady was "out," the feat was no ordinary one. This Brady was at the head of a gang of escaped convicts, transported for crimes of the deepest dye; they were well armed and mounted, and simply laughed at the military and the police. They took possession of the whole country lying between Launceston and Hobart Town, and committed the most atrocious crimes, butchering isolated settlers and unwary travellers in cold blood for mere pastime, and carrying off unfortunate women to their fastnesses—it was even said that they crucified some of their unfortunate victims. These ruffians were ultimately shot down and some captured, thus meeting with the fate their crimes merited.

To return, my grandfather then settled upon a beautiful property, situated on the banks of the River Tamar, starting his sons as follows: James as a merchant in Launceston, William,

who followed from England later on, as solicitor (subsequently elected to the Legislative Assembly, when he became Chief Secretary and Treasurer, a post he held for some years). Charles became Manager of the Bank of Australasia (afterwards also elected to the Legislative Assembly), while Edward started to explore the south coast of Australia in 1833; and in 1834 the schooner *Thistle* was despatched by my grandfather to Portland Bay, situated on the south-west coast of Victoria, under the charge of my uncle Edward, who took with him five servants, stock, and all requirements for a settlement. Frank was afterwards despatched by my grandfather with more stock, and arrived at the same destination in December following. My father at this time was at Swan River, where he had been left to wind up affairs after the departure of his brothers. He there married my mother, the daughter of Captain Pace, a commander of an armed sloop-of-war in the East India Company's Service—Sir James Stirling, then Governor of Western Australia, acting in *loco parentis* and giving my mother away, her father being at that time absent on the coast of Java.

In June 1836 my father sailed for Portland Bay and Launceston from King George's Sound, where the captain of the ship (the *Sally Ann*)

was accidentally drowned by the upsetting of a whale boat when coming off to the schooner in Princes Royal Harbour. The navigation of this vessel then devolved on my father, although his knowledge of seamanship had only been obtained on his voyage from the old country. Hence either from the set of the currents or faulty observation he mistook Cape Otway for Cape Bridgewater, and sailing down the coast entered Port Philip Heads, and sailing up the Bay for twenty-five miles, anchored, and sent off a boat for firewood and water. Finding his mistake he put about, and took a fresh departure for Portland, where he arrived with my mother on the 18th of December 1836.







## CHAPTER VI.

### *THE SETTLEMENT OF PORTLAND BAY.*

**T**HUS the four first settlers, Edward, Stephen, Frank, and John, sons of my grandfather, bringing with them servants, stock, and farm implements, &c., were united in the settlement of the first town of the present colony of Victoria, working together, exploring the interior, and helping those who subsequently came to share in the Hentys' discovery. Denied a title to the lands they had cleared, built upon, and cultivated (because, forsooth, they had not distributed tomahawks and blankets amongst the savages) by the Home and Colonial Governments, they were actually compelled to purchase property upon which they had expended over £6000, and for which outlay up to this time they had had no profitable results, and for which they were only allowed compensation upon the

arbitrary and excessive valuation of the Sydney Government.

Portland Bay is the finest open roadstead on the west coast of Victoria, commencing on the south at Cape Grant, off which stand the bold and picturesque Lawrence Rocks, the home of the penguin, cormorant, and gannet. The coast stretches in a line broken by many baylets and rugged cliffs northwards to Lighthouse Point, trending away westerly, and then forming a fine bold curve northerly to Whalers' Bluff—thence again brokenly and prettily in a north-westerly direction, finally sweeping in one long and expansive bend away northerly and easterly for many miles, terminating in a point from which a few miles distant is seen the Julia Percy Island. The township of Portland, between the lighthouse and Whalers' Bluff, and at the apex, so to speak, of the greater of the many indentations forming the valuable bay now known especially as Portland Bay.

At the time when my uncles and father first arrived, from 1834 to 1836, the land was covered with a dense forest and masses of scrub. Here the first pure merino sheep, the offspring of those sent out by my grandfather, were landed, an event from which may be counted the beginning of Victoria's progress, and no small amount of prosperity. The climate

suited the sheep and improved their progeny so much, that under careful selection and breeding they laid the foundation of the Australian merino in Victoria.

As gold was not discovered until the year 1851, it is useless to assert that to the finding of gold alone was due the rise and progress of this great colony. To do so is to deny the just tribute of praise to the pioneers who introduced sheep, cattle, and horses, agricultural implements, capital and labour, and by whom and by which the country was founded and sustained, and who by their plucky and grand contest with the wilderness in settling this hitherto unexplored land, where food and all immediate requirements of life had to be imported, with courage and perseverance to govern and direct all to the one common end, namely, the permanent settlement, the beginning, the foundation of a present greatness, and doubtless a mighty future. They wanted no protection, they wanted no help—no—but under Providence and their own pluck they won.

Looking back to that time (now 1885), seemingly in the very far distance, yet only fifty-one years ago, it is almost marvellous to see the present—the change from a state of nature to one of civilisation, and the little band of those early settlers increased to the multitudes of to-day.

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The following is an extract from the diary of Major afterwards Sir Thomas Mitchell, the explorer, written in 1835 :—

“ We ascended the cliffs near the wooden houses, which proved to be some deserted sheds of the whalers. One shot was fired as we drew near them, and another on ascending the rocks. I then became somewhat apprehensive that the parties might be bushrangers ; and to prevent if possible some such awkward mistake, I ordered a man to fire a gun and the bugle to be sounded ; but on reaching the higher ground we discovered not only a beaten path, but the track of two carts ; and while we were following the latter a man came towards us from the face of the cliffs. He informed me in answer to my questions that the vessel at anchor was the *Elizabeth* from Launceston, and that just round the point, there was a considerable farming establishment belonging to the Messrs. Henty, who were then at the house. It then occurred to me that I might there procure a small additional supply of provisions, especially of flour, as my men were on very reduced rations. I therefore approached the house, and was kindly received and entertained by the Messrs. Henty, who, as I learnt, had been established there upwards of two years. It was very obvious indeed, from the magnitude and extent of the buildings, and the substantial fencing erected, that both time and labour had been expended in their construction. A good garden stocked with abundance of vegetables

already smiled on Portland Bay. The soil was very rich on the overhanging cliffs, and there were potatoes and turnips produced there, surpassing in magnitude and quality any I had ever seen elsewhere. I learnt that the Bay was much resorted to by vessels engaged in the whale fishery, and that upwards of seven hundred tons of oil had been shipped that season. I was likewise informed that only a few days before my arrival five vessels lay at anchor together in that Bay, and that a communication was regularly kept up with Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania) by means of vessels from Launceston.

"The Messrs. Henty were importing sheep and cattle as fast as vessels could be found to bring them over, and the numerous whalers touching at or fishing on the coast were found to be good customers for farm produce, and whatever else could be spared by the establishment. . . . Major Mitchell informed the Messrs. Henty of the splendid country he had passed through to the North."

On the 18th of July 1837 my father (Uncle Edward being on his way to Launceston) started with his brother John and one man to view the fine country of which Major Mitchell had told them, and which, from its great beauty, was named Australia Felix by the explorer. My father in his journal thus writes : "Started at 8 A.M., steering N. by N.W., sometimes W. As we continued on the country opened out very beautiful. We ascended a

remarkable saddle hill, and had a good view of the country round, of the same good appearance as far as the eye could extend." On returning to Portland, my father started his two brothers, Frank and John, with the first flock of merino sheep, to take possession of the new country, and the first station taken up was called Merino Downs, to this day the property of my uncle, Frank Henty.

The Henty brothers up to 1842 had worked in partnership. Afterwards a division of the properties took place, Edward obtaining Muntham ; Frank, Merino Downs ; John, Sandford—all on the Wannon River ; my father, the Portland property (still held by his family), where he transacted business as merchant and banker. Thus Edward the pioneer, my father the energetic and active explorer (the first white man who had stood on the brink of the far-famed blue lake of Mount Gambier), and the two younger brothers, John and Frank, were the first absolute settlers of the noble colony of Victoria, and it may be added that I, son of Stephen Henty, am the first white native of this first settlement.



## CHAPTER VII.

### *MY EARLY LIFE.*



WAS born at Portland on the 3d of August 1837, and on this day the first flock of merino sheep arrived at Merino Downs, under the care of my uncles, Frank and John Henty, who were despatched thither by my father. My earliest recollections of home are naturally a little obscure, but I will detail what I can fairly call to mind. The first—after my family and their servants—relate to the natives, who were then numerous, and their dusky forms were constantly seen, though kept at arms' length by the settlers. Of the Portland tribe there is now (1885) hardly one remaining. My next most vivid recollection was the visit of H.M.S. *Beagle* (Captain Stokes), and I well remember the officers' mighty satisfaction at the great quantity of game they had bagged one day, all

of which were hung upon the long beam in the store, where all the provisions for the settlement were safely housed. Snakes were plentiful in and about the old cottage then, and my mother tells a good story of a narrow escape of one of the officers, who when sitting at dinner felt something quietly encircling his leg, and looking down, "thinking," as he afterwards said, "it was the cat rubbing against him," found a large black snake twining round the limb. Knowing that snakes are fond of milk, he, with great presence of mind, asked for a saucerful of the lacteal fluid, and desired it to be placed very gently on the floor and as close to him as safely possible without disturbing the reptile. This was done, and in a few minutes the snake unwound itself from the officer's leg, and glided to the milk, which it soon began to drink, when it was safely despatched. In these early days we had some British infantry stationed at Portland. The presence of these troops rendered our little town very gay, and the sound of the pipes and drums was stirring and cheerful, as well as evidencing to these venturesome settlers in this hitherto unknown land that they were still part and parcel of the mother-country, and under her protecting ægis. Little did this small band of colonists think then that they were laying the foundation of the



present Victoria, but the most of them lived (as some are now living) to see with quiet but proud satisfaction the noble superstructure that has risen from what, viewed from the standpoint of this country's present prosperity, may perhaps be looked upon as their puny efforts. Yet everything has its embryo, and to the thoughtful mind these efforts were well founded upon true principles, and so the seed thus well planted in a good soil, and under pleasant skies, germinated, and has produced (for its age) the unparalleled advancement of this colony. But to return. Many a time has poor Mr. Kennedy (afterwards so ruthlessly murdered by the blacks in Queensland, when on exploring and surveying duty) carried me on his back from my father's house to his barracks. Boyish memories are always lasting, yes, I believe, even to the day of death, and I well remember how I loved this *gentleman*—I use the word now wofully hackneyed in its true significance. He was gentle, kind, true and brave, and was the friend of all the colonists in the district in those days.

Once when out on a surveying expedition and coming upon lagoons and swamps literally covered with wild fowl, he sent a black boy in to my father with this laconically pencilled note—

“ Lots of game and no gun,  
Send double-barrel and I've done.”

Poor Kennedy! He met his death when in the path of duty, and his faithful blackboy Jacky brought in his papers with the report of his untimely and cruel fate.

My next remembrance, is that of the whaling business, then so successfully carried on in the Bay of Portland. Of this I have endeavoured to give an account further on. Soon after this there came about a curious paradox. The country around Portland and on the Wannon River was stocked with cattle and sheep from Tasmania. Well, at the time I speak of, when I was about nine years old, my family were shipping fat cattle back to Tasmania to supply its inhabitants with beef, so much had the stock increased and thriven in the richer natural pastures of this portion of Victoria. The method employed for getting cattle off to the receiving ship was decidedly barbarous. The cattle were first yarded on the beach at the bottom of the bluff: a lighter or large boat lay moored just outside the breakers. From this boat a rope was taken on shore, at one end of which was a loop. The bullock was then roped round the horns in the yard with this, when the slack of the rope was taken in by the men in the boat. The gate of the yard was then swung open, and the infuriated beast rushed madly out. The rope was then hauled upon, and slowly the poor brute found

itself, despite its struggles, at the edge of the surf, which came foaming, surging, and hissing up to its hoofs. Imagine the horror of the animal, fresh from the verdant slopes of the Wannon Downs, suddenly and by force confronted with the crispy breaking sea, as in whirling eddies it rolled up to the poor brute's trembling limbs. With glaring eyes, with lashing tail and mighty efforts, Nemesis draws you to your doom, and soon, in spite of your gallant struggle for liberty, you are in deep water and securely fastened to the side of the lighter. When another has been secured in the same way, the boat is pulled off to the ship, and here the most cruel part really begins; for as no slings were used in those days, or even thought of, the poor beast was slowly hauled up the side of the ship by its horns, and then lowered into the stall prepared for it. On one occasion a man, rather too venturesome, thought to make quick work with a fine red bullock, just let out of the yards securely roped. He approached the beast, and tried to lay hold of its tail, but overlooked the fact that a quantity of slack rope remained to be taken in. The bullock turned and charged, and the man ran, as hard as ever man ran for his life, along the pure white hard beach. The bullock gains—he is close upon the fugitive—another moment, and good-bye to poor Miller.

One's heart stands still (an infuriated bullock is as dangerous as a lion), when, lo ! the man trips and falls, the beast rushes over him, and before he can stop and turn, the man is up and off to the bluff and saved. I once had a narrow escape from a bullock that had broken the rope. I was, after the manner of natives, pulling up the broad leaf rush which grew in the loose white sand near the cliffs. The bottom of these rushes is white and succulent, and to a boy's taste delicious. Suddenly I heard cries of "Run ! run ! look out there !" Looking up I saw a fine roan bullock making straight for me. There was only one pathway near the spot, up the cliff, and for this I ran. Fortunately the rains had worn a deep channel down the centre of this path and into this I fell, lying at the bottom full length. This probably saved me, as the animal could not get at me with its horns ; but I remember with a shudder to this day, although the thing occurred nearly forty years ago, the hot steaming breath of the bullock along my back as he passed over me.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### WHALING.

**W**HEN my uncle Edward first visited Portland, in 1833, he found that the Bay was much frequented by whales, and that vessels in search of them through the Southern seas had discovered this, and so chose the place for their whaling station during the season. After my father landed and had assisted his brother Edward in the management of the new settlement, his attention was attracted to the profits which might be made in whale-fishing, profits which would assist materially in advancing the prosperity of the settlement. Accordingly whale-fishing was entered into systematically as a business, and the attempt was attended with most successful results. There were several stations or "look-outs," as they were locally termed. One at the Lighthouse Point, one at

the Whalers' Bluff, and one seven miles north from Portland, known as the "Convincing Ground." The boats here and at Portland were drawn up on the beach ready for launching at a moment's notice. The boats used were long and comparatively narrow, sharp at each end, clinker built, and fitted with from five to seven oars, and when well managed proved to be not only fast but excellent sea-boats—no mean recommendation, considering that they had to face all weathers and rough seas.

The life of the whaler was bold, manly, and risky, and therefore full of excitement. When a lad, many an exciting chase have I witnessed, and many a fine contest between the great leviathan and the daring boat's crew. One actual stand-up fight with lances in hand, between the headsmen of two different boats' crews, was witnessed. The incident took place not very far from the shore. Each had fastened to the same whale, and each claimed the prey as his own. The dispute arose thus. One boat had most perseveringly followed a whale all day, and had at length succeeded in getting "fast," that is, harpooning it. Fortunately the iron struck a vital part, so that the whale instead of "running" at once, got into its flurry or dying throes—spouting blood and dashing the crisp salt sea into thousands of particles of

glistening spray, with powerful strokes of its flukes. At this moment a rival boat ranged up and harpooned the fish, claiming at once shares in the quarry. According to whaling law, one boat assisting another already "fast," *but in distress*, and coming to its aid by helping to "kill," can claim "half share," but in this instance no such aid was required, nor was any asked for, therefore the fastening to the fish by the Yankee boat was but an impudent attempt to obtain a share in the spoil, a claim instantly repelled by the English headsman, who, lance in hand, swore that unless the Yankee "cut" (that is, severed his line) he would run him through the body. The line was promptly "cut," and our boat towed the dead whale alongside our vessel the *Pelham*, where it was duly "cut in" and "tried out," the oil obtained being collected in casks and stowed away in the hold of the vessel. It was curious to see on such occasions as the "cutting in" of a whale, the flocks of sea-birds soaring in gracefully moving and fluttering circles in the air, on the watch for any morsels of whale-flesh cast overboard, while the more venturesome shark would ever and anon, regardless of the vengeful thrust of the brawny whaler, who with his long-handled, broad, and sharp-edged cutting-in spade, frequently cut huge gashes in the sides of the voracious

monster, turn to seize a great mouthful from the body of the dead whale. Barracouta (a fish of large size, common to the Australian waters) swarmed around the vessel, and many other fish; huge crabs were caught, and occasionally a mighty seal raised his hairy head and whiskered jaws above the water to take a stare at all the surroundings. One of these, a sea-lion, gave some of my companions a rare scare. They had taken my "dingey" in which to pull off to the ship, and had started to return home when a "lion" rose above the water, close behind the boat, and uttered a loud roar, showing and snapping his formidable teeth. My friends were for a moment paralysed with fear, but still in desperation tugged at their oars, while tears of real terror rolled down the cheeks of the steersman, who was of necessity in closer proximity to the pursuing foe. However, the shore was near, and they reached it in safety, but never again did they venture to borrow my "dingey." The scare was complete and lasting, and many a time they dreamt of the peril they had been in when in forced companionship with that old seal. Alas! of this merry crew how few are left! Only two, I think. But such thoughts are saddening, so to resume.

Some of the chases after the "big fish" were



thrillingly exciting. One of these notably so, rivalling the best race that was ever rowed on the water in any regatta or match. The bay, with its splendid expanse—the bright sea-green water, with the surface gently rippled—the cliffs dotted with spectators—the object a great whale swiftly pursuing its submarine course, and dimly seen beneath the surface, rising now and again to spout many yards high a column of water churned into foam from his “blowholes ;” while following came the hunters, thirty-three boats, five, six, and seven-oared, having the nose of each painted in a different distinguishing colour—blue, black, white, yellow, green, red, &c., the sturdy oarsmen making their long fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen feet ashen oars bend again under the power of their straining muscles—the steerers “backing” up the after oar with measured nervous energy, while words of encouragement are shouted from their throats, as, “Pull, my hearties !” “Give way there, my lads !” “Reckon she spouts, boys !” “Dod rot the Britishers ; pull like h—l !” from the Yankee, and other forcible ejaculations a “leetle” too pronounced for polite expression.

And now from being the last, owing to the sudden turning of the whale, see, rushing through the fleet of boats, the old *Pelham's* seven-oared—a long snake-like black boat,

decorated with a ruby nose, and manned by a gallant old English crew. She flashes over the water, and rapidly passing boat after boat, gains within harpooning distance of the whale. Now the iron is raised aloft, poised for a moment, and then darted. "H—l and furies, Jack, what's that? ha! a kink in the line," a check, and now the barbed weapon falls short. Harpoon after harpoon are rapidly but somewhat wildly thrown from the nearest boats, but the "fish" escapes, as, turning again, it dives deep down below and under all the boats, racing back the way it came,—sporting its flukes and lashing the water into foam, as if in derision of the futile attempt to capture it, while many a muttered curse falls from the disappointed and baffled men.

It was a splendid race, and a grand exhibition of energy by the brawny-bearded men, and the great leviathan deserved to escape. Even this the men were fain to acknowledge after the excitement had somewhat subsided, their "whistles wetted" and their pipes lighted.

Whales used to be very numerous in the Bay, and I have known as many as thirty in at one time, sporting about in a lazy, *dolce-far-niente* manner, rubbing their huge bodies on the sandy bottom in order to clear away the barnacles which clung to them.

It is long since I have seen the "big fish" closely, but the last one I saw was a noble-looking old fellow, as, slowly swimming in between the shipping and the shore, he raised his barnacle-covered head many feet above the water, and gazed long and steadily around, seeming to regard the town with much interest, and apparently wondering what had changed those pretty green slopes which had greeted his eyes in those days gone by when, as a calf by his mother's side, he had played about in the green waters of this fine old bay.

Whaling here is now abandoned, as, either from the many steamers disturbing the waters, or that the fish are anticipated by the many ocean-whaling ships, or probably both these causes, the whale is rarely seen in its old rendezvous.

A very large fish was seen in the bay in 1881, and I have heard of odd ones appearing since, but the whale does not come in now in sufficient numbers to induce the formation of a company to fish for them, so that I think I may safely write that whale-fishing has become, like the blackfellow on land, a thing of the past at Portland Bay. The number of whales captured during the season of 1843 was nineteen, and during the season of 1844 twenty-two were taken. An extract from the *John o' Groat*

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Scotch journal asserts that a huge whale, sixty-two feet long, and weighing seventy-two tons, was captured in Behring Straits with one of the Hentys harpoons stuck in it. The wound caused by the weapon had healed—that is, a cartilage had grown round the harpoon, and sheathed and prevented it going any farther, and the weapon bore the following brand:—“Henty L. 1838,” the L. probably standing for Launceston, where the Hentys had a number of harpoons made. This whale was captured in 1880.





## CHAPTER IX.

### SCHOOL-DAYS.

**M**Y school-days now commenced. The schoolroom formed part of a brick building, which served for many years as the church in which divine service was held according to the ritual of the Church of England. It was in this building that Bishop Perry preached on his visits to Portland.

The schoolroom was only for day scholars, and in comparison with it the common state school of this year of grace is as Eton or Harrow in England. Well, here I learnt to read and write and do my arithmetic. I cherish even now a fondness for this old primitive school, partly because the impressions of early boyhood are lasting, with possibly an element in the fact that I was never flogged there—a grave mistake, I fear, on the part of my indulgent master.

Let the young people who may happen to read these lines learn what my poor chances were of acquiring knowledge, and thus the more appreciate the extraordinary advantages they enjoy in this present time, under such a widespread system of education, the excellent books for the young, history made pleasant, geography interesting, and deeper subjects attractive. Cast not the pearl away, for if you do now you have no excuse, as your opportunities are abundant, while by and by you will bitterly regret it. Never let it be said of you in your old age that you sigh for the lost opportunities of your youth. A private governess was my next instructress—a very estimable lady ; but I suppose I was too rebellious to yield to petticoats (I remember she chased me round the room with a cane, because of my refusal to practise the exercises on the piano) ; so, after getting a good thrashing for my impudence, my dear old governor drove me down to Belfast, in which town the Rev. Dr. Braim had opened a boarding-school. The journey was performed in one of the old-fashioned English gigs, over rough bush tracks and through rivers and creeks. (No buggies, no made roads, and no bridges in those days.) At this school I remained for two years. Here we had clear seawater enclosed within reefs to bathe in, good

bream-fishing in the River Moyne close by, and a fair cricket-ground. Football was unknown to us, but we had many other amusements. It was while here that I first heard the song of the "Cork Leg" sung. The singer was the late W. Routledge. The company consisted of a score or so of adventurous settlers, all sons of the squirearchy and clergy of Old England and Ireland—the scene the old "Merrijig" Hotel, which is now used as a police barracks—the time the evening after a grand hunt, followed by a good dinner, to which, with the wines, ample justice was done. The men all turned out in red or green, with hunting caps, tops, and "cords," and the dogs were imported foxhounds. The reader will thus see that the fine old pioneers brought with them to their new homes that love of the sports of their Fatherland, that fine hearty, manly good-will for the grand old country, that the traditions of the happy past, in the green fields so far away, clung to them. Heigh ho! can I find one of those bold brave spirits yet alive? Well, yes, but how shrunk the number! They did their part, and their names live in the nomenclature of Victoria. Let coming generations of Victorians never forget those sturdy men who settled Victoria up to 1850, before the discovery of gold.

While at Dr. Braim's school an incident

occurred which is indelibly fixed on my mind. It was the wreck of a splendid brig, driven ashore on the treacherous sands during a heavy gale. The fact of a wreck occurring is ordinary enough ; but this was the first time I heard strong men *scream*. Once heard, the sound can never be forgotten—the intense horror, the quivering shudder that convulses the soul, when in their agony that scream is uttered by men in their death throes, as the remorseless waves, rolling in with irresistible power, forces the vessel over, bending her tall masts, to which the despairing sailors cling, down, down beneath their devouring might ! Who that has seen a sight like this can ever forget it ? Many lives were lost ; but owing to the brave efforts of Captain Mills and his crew, numbers were saved, while others, clinging to portions of the wreckage, were washed ashore in an insensible condition, but recovered under the prompt assistance and kind treatment of the people on land. Port Fairy is a small bay with rather shallow water, bounded by a line of sand-hills, behind which flows the river Moyne. On the west bank of this the town of Belfast is built. Returning to Portland for a time, I was then sent to school at Franklin village, near Launceston, in Tasmania. This village was prettily situated on the road to Hobart Town ; and the



name of Franklin recalls to my memory the visit of Sir John and Lady Franklin to Portland. They were the guests of my father. I was very young, but I still retain a vivid recollection of the gallant Sir John. How often is it that we remember events of our childhood ! And I well recollect how, when I was only eight years old, my father took me over to Launceston, and thence by the old-fashioned stage-coach to Hobart Town, where I saw my grandmother, Mrs. Thomas Henty, a gentle, sweet old lady. My grandfather had died of quinsy. My uncle, Charles Henty, was then manager of the Bank of Australasia at Launceston, William a solicitor, and James a merchant there.

At my new school I picked up my only real instruction, but naturally had much competition to contend with from other boys who were much further advanced, in consequence of earlier and better training. At sixteen I left the school to enter an office in order to get some idea of mercantile business, and there I remained a year, though studying Greek and Latin in the evenings with a clergyman of the Church of England. About this time I went down to Kelso, situated near the mouth of the Tamar and nearly opposite Georgetown, and the property and residence of my Uncle Charles. Here I spent some happy days. My dear kind

uncle was fond of sport, so that I had plenty of shooting and fishing, &c.

There was a long low boat-pier extending to the river. This was necessary, because of the flats, which at high tide were covered with water, but at low tide presented only a vast expanse of slimy mud and sand. In the centre of this pier there was an oyster-box placed, and each day, when the tide was out, we went to feast on the delicious bivalves. At high tide this flat was much frequented by fish, especially flounders and soles, and last, not least, stingray, a large flat fish, in shape like skate, but armed with a long and, some say, a poisonous sting at the back of its tail.

It was capital sport to go out in the dingey and harpoon these fellows, which, when captured, were towed on shore and buried at the roots of fruit trees in the orchard. The same use was made of sharks and dog-fish, so that these foes to fish and man thus conduced to the production of excellent fruit.

It was a happy, pleasant life, spent with happy, loving people. One looks back to these days with a sigh of sad regret, especially as my kind uncle and aunt have since gone to their long and, I may say, happy home. All such pleasures must have an end, so one day a letter came from my uncle William conveying a command

for me to return to Launceston at once, in order that I might be confirmed, as the Bishop of Tasmania would hold a confirmation service the following week at St. John's Church. My only means of getting to Launceston in time was to go up in an open whale-boat, which was to start next morning. The day was fine, the wind fair, and away we scudded up the pretty Tamar, reaching Launceston that evening after a pleasant sail of about forty miles. I was duly confirmed by Bishop Denison, and then packed off in the brig *City of Sydney* (Fawthrop, master, and owned by my father) to Portland.

Tasmania was at that time a penal settlement, and vessels leaving its shores were searched for any "ticket-of-leave" men, who in hopes of escaping from the country, might stow themselves away in the holds of ships. As the *City of Sydney* had to leave very early in the morning, to take advantage of the tide, I went on board and to bed the previous evening. I was rudely awakened about midnight by the police, and having no "permit," was ordered to get up and dress, and was about to be marched off to jail, when the captain was called, and quickly ordered the officers ashore in language more forcible than polite. Thus I missed the chance of an experience of prison life—perhaps a loss, who knows?

At any rate the novelty of the life would have added to my memoirs.

After a long, tedious, and baffling voyage of six weeks (the distance only about three hundred and fifty miles) we arrived at Portland. In the trip we put into Warnambool for supplies. Now nothing but the hardest of salt junk to eat, albeit it was towed overboard for hours, to help to soften its toughness, was not, even to a youngster, very pleasant food; so, when the fresh provisions came on board, imagine, all you good people who "live at home at ease," with what ravenous delight we attacked the potatoes and fat legs of mutton which greeted our longing eyes and hungry epi—— But to proceed.

We arrived at Portland Bay on a fine moonlight night, and passed close under the stern of the *May Queen* (Captain Sayers), so close indeed that some choice Billingsgate was thrown at us by the sailors; but as "hard words break no bones," we dropped quietly into our anchorage. Almost immediately my kind friend Captain Sayers came on board and warmly greeted me. He had all but given us up for lost, so I bundled into his gig and was quickly rowed on shore. Passing a window of the house of an old friend and solicitor, Mr. Dodd, I heard my father's cheery voice, "Fifteen

two, fifteen four, and *one* for his nob!" thus indicating his game. I was about to call out to him, but Sayers caught my arm and took me away. And now I did a thing the relation of which may prove of use to all my young friends. I played a practical joke, and upon my sweet mother too. She had given me up for lost. Walking very quietly down the passage, I saw her sitting in the dining-room on a sofa, and standing back in the gloom, I uttered sepulchrally, "Mother!" She fell back in a swoon, and it was some time after recovering that she realised my presence, *in propriâ personâ*. (*Mem.*—Don't play practical jokes; it may be amusement to you, but perhaps death, or at least great pain, to others.)





## CHAPTER X.

### *STATION LIFE.*



I WAS placed in my father's office, but did not take to the life, so was allowed to visit Muntham, my uncle Edward's station on the Wannon, and here I got some idea of station life and management, as well as excellent sport, of which wild-pig shooting formed a considerable part.

Some few years previously my uncle turned some pigs out on the river. Pigs soon became plentiful and wild, and were not very long in becoming destructive to lambs and even sheep. On the banks of the river tall rank grass grew, affording excellent cover to the hogs. Frequently, when the sportsman was creeping warily for a shot at black duck or teal, would a pig jump up, uttering loud grunts; and if a boar,

would stand his ground, and frighten both the gunner and his game.

I remember one occasion, when my father, uncle, Tom and I, with men, ropes, carts, &c., and armed with rifle and gun, started on a pig-hunting expedition. Tom and I crossed the river, then running bank high, in a punt, and walked on one side, while the rest of the party walked parallel on the other. We had plenty of sport, and bagged eleven pigs, besides young ones, which latter were caught, tied, and put into the cart to be taken home. Presently we heard shot after shot, shouting and uproar, and soon saw coming to the edge of the opposite bank the far-famed black boar of the river—a boar which had beaten both dogs and masters off a few days before, killing some of the former and wounding others, besides cutting with his tremendous tusks a terrible gash in the thigh of a valuable horse. The boar took the water, and, swimming across, made for a small grassy flat where Tom and I were standing. This flat was bounded by the river on one side, and by high hills on the other; there was not a tree to climb, so we had to face the big fellow. Tom fired and wounded him sharply, and he was just in the act of turning to us, when a lucky ball from my rifle struck him behind the shoulder, when he slowly sank to the ground

and expired. Returning, Tom and I had to re-cross the river, and thinking we were far away from our friends and our "punt," we adopted a novel plan in order to effect our purpose. There was an ancient red gum-tree standing in the water about sixteen feet from the bank, one long branch of which stretched to the opposite side. If, then, we could reach the tree, the remainder of the crossing would be easy. But how to do this and get our impedimenta over? Had there been no flood the thing would have been quickly managed; but, on the contrary, there was a high flood, and consequently a strong current running. We had some small rope with us. This rope was intended to tie up any young pigs we might happen to catch. If one could reach the tree with an end of the line round his body, the thing could be done. The danger lay in the chance of being sucked under the big roots of the tree, which would most probably form a kind of network, from the fact of the stream having washed the soil away from amongst them. In the event of such happening, drowning was certain. I could swim, so volunteered to try. Stripping off my clothes Tom tied one end of the rope round my body, while he firmly held the other end, in order to haul me in again in case of accident. Walking



a little way up stream, I jumped in, and striking vigorously out, just caught the tree as the current was sweeping me past. Hurrah ! the first part of the plan succeeded—now for the second. Climbing well up into the tree, so as to be able to form a sufficient angle with the bank, Tom tied my bundle of clothes and a heavy stick to his end of the rope, and let it swing to the foot of the tree, when I hauled it up. Coiling up the rope and the stick, I threw them back, when the rifles, ammunition, accoutrements, Tom's clothes, &c., were safely swung across and hauled up. Now for Tom. He fastened his end of the rope round his waist, while I placed myself low down on the tree, with the line well taut, ready to heave him along. He plunged in and forthwith disappeared. By Jove ! those confounded roots ! But no ! a hearty pull, and up came Tom, puffing and blowing like a grampus ! Dressing in the branches, the remainder of our crossing was soon accomplished. When just about to drop from the end of our friendly bough we heard a voice exclaiming, "Musha, where can the spalpeens have got to ? Shure they must be in the river—God forgive us all !" "Here we are. John, just catch the guns." "By the holy poker !" cried John, "where did thim sounds come from ? Begorra, it must be in the tree they are ; divil a place

else, unless they be drowned." And then seeing us, he burst forth with, "Holy Mother! by the piper that played before Moses! did ye's ivir see the loikes o' that? Shure this bates Banagher intoirly! Howivir did ye's come there, and ye's the other soide of the river beyant? O Master Richie, Master Richie, won't the masther bate ye for this! Ah, Masther Tom, it's ye'll be afther doing this," &c., from our faithful old servant, John Cole, who had been in my father's service since I was a small child. We got down safely, and joined the seniors, who were certainly angry with us; but I am sure they were more pleased than angry on seeing us back safely amongst them again; and so, what with shearing-time, visiting shepherds, riding on horses at full gallop over the grand undulating downs country, mustering cattle for a draft of fat ditto, &c., and branding the young, &c., shooting and fishing, our days passed merrily and pleasantly at happy old Muntham, in the society of kind Uncle Edward and Aunt—varied by occasional visits to equally hospitable Uncle and Aunt Frank at Merino Downs.

Happy, merry days long passed away (all such must), and, alas! never to return, because the same circumstances never can recur, and more than all, because the actors in the scenes are some scattered, and many have left earth to find

the Great Mystery. How wide the difference between those days and the present! Then, all freedom, few inhabitants, no fences; now, a country settled, thickly peopled, fenced, railways, telegraphs, telephones, roads and bridges, taxes and rates—in short, brought under the influence of modern civilisation and science. A wonderful change, and all within the space of less than half a healthy life.

An incident of our pig-hunt must not be omitted. Old Brennan was my uncle's trusted overseer. He was wholly illiterate, he could neither read nor write; nevertheless he was a sterling man, and as trustworthy a servant as any master could wish for—very silent, taciturn almost, fond of his pipe, never drank to excess, yet wouldn't refuse a small glass if offered. He from earliest dawn till late at night was looking after the sheep, always keeping a keen look-out from under his shaggy brows, with his deep-set blue eyes, for any dingo that might prowl in his way, and "woe worth the day" when such happened, for that dingo's time had come. No wild dog once hunted by him ever escaped. He had been at the Battle of Trafalgar, so we boys looked upon him as a sort of hero, although he only on that occasion held the high position of "powder-monkey." But who would not have been proud to have even been a "powder-

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monkey" when fighting for Old England under such a leader as the gallant Nelson? But *now!* only to be an overseer of sheep, hunter of dingos—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Practically sheep-farming is more profitable than fighting, but then think of the glory, my boy—the glory—ponder that. But avast, *where* have I drifted? Hark back. Well, behold the slightly wounded pig, lying on its side with all its legs tied, the seniors sitting smoking on a fallen tree close by, we boys standing looking on (we were but seventeen, and never dreamt of smoking at that time of life, as the youngsters of fourteen do now), Old Brennan pulling away at his cutty, when uncle said, "Brennan, don't you think we might let her go? I think she will live; she is not much hurt. What do you say, boys?" turning to us. Fun jumped to the ascendant as we guessed what would happen. "Yes, yes, uncle, let Brennan cut the cords." Forthwith out came the old man's jack-knife, and gravely stooping, he cut the cords; then slowly rising, he shut his knife, and was in the act of putting it into his pocket when piggy jumped up with a grunt, and rushed at Brennan, who incontinently took to his heels; but he wore jack-boots, and so couldn't travel fast. The pig, with open mouth and bristles erect, gained rapidly upon him, and was just in

the act of seizing him when he cast his eye over his shoulder, already anticipating the grip of the pig's teeth in the seat of honour. Fortunately at this moment, in looking back, he caught his foot in a root, and fell headlong to the ground. This saved him, as the pig in its chase passed over him and disappeared in the long grass. Laughter loud and long greeted this tableau, but I just heard the old man mutter as he picked up his broken cutty, "D—— that pig!"





## CHAPTER XI.

### A SHARK.

**M**Y father now returned to Portland, and I heard soon after he was taken dangerously ill. I at once rode home, travelling the seventy miles in one day on the same horse, which carried me with ease this long distance, though only grass-fed. I found my father in a very critical state, and his malady seemed to puzzle the doctor. Subsequently it appeared that an abscess had formed either in his lung or throat, which nearly choked him; but being a very powerful man, and of good constitution, he struggled through, and his life was spared. Soon after my cousin Herbert Henty paid us a visit at Portland. The ship *Frances Henty* was then in the bay, the first clipper vessel up to that time which had visited Victorian waters from England. She was built at Aberdeen to my

father's order. Her model was perfect, and she sailed like a witch, and in contrast to the old "bruise waters," with their bluff bows and sterns, short lengths, great breadths and depths. She was a marvel to nautical eyes. Cairncross, who had previously commanded to the port of Portland a large brig of the old style, was put in charge of the *Frances Henty*, and his son Robert first mate. The latter being desirous of making a quick voyage, carried the royals the whole voyage, which was accomplished in the then wonderfully fast time of seventy-six days. One evening during this voyage the wind blew fresher than usual, so before the captain's watch was over he shortened sail, to make, as he said, "all snug" before turning in. But no sooner was he in his "bunk" when up went all sail again, and the sea being rough, the saucy *Fanny* kicked somewhat, and at last, with a kick rather stronger than usual, tumbled the old man out of his berth. Recovering his surprise after this abrupt behaviour on the part of his ship, he rushed on deck, and in broad Doric sang out, "Bob! Bob! Where the de'il are ye running her to, Bob?"

"Hoot toot, auld mon, gang awa' to yer bunk; it's a' richt," answered Bob.

A new era had commenced in shipbuilding, and clippers became the order of the day.

While the *Frances Henty* was in the bay Herbert, Tom, and I, with a Scotch sailor, pulled out in a whale-boat to fish, and had succeeded in catching some five dozen fish called "flat-heads," and then two small sharks. Herbert was at the stern, Tom and I midships, and our sailor in the bows. Suddenly, like an arrow from a bow, up darted a huge monster of a shark, his nose sticking up out of the water between Tom and I. Ugh! my flesh creeps even now at the thought of that moment! The brute remained poised, looking at us with his wicked greenish grey eyes. We sat paralysed with fear. At last—it seemed an age to me—in reality only half a minute—I sang out, "In with the lines." We hauled them in double quick. Our friend the shark then raised his great body to the surface and lay alongside the boat. The midship of a whale-boat is not high above the water; consequently we could have touched the fellow's nose with ease, but none of us ventured upon such a familiarity. As he lay alongside the boat we could get some idea of his length, and soon we judged him to be about twenty feet long. He *was* a monster! We were all as pale as—well, as bleached calico. Poor Sandy kept whispering, "Guid save us!" At last gaining courage we sang out, "In with the kellick, Sandy." He and I



both hauled away, and had got the thing up to the bows, and I was in the act of leaning over to lift it in, when the brute came round and gave us a stare. "Guid save us!" said Sandy, letting go the line, and down went the kellick again. However, this would never do; so pulling it up we succeeded in getting it into the boat, just as our friend came round to have another look. "Out oars, and pull for your lives!" was the order, and away we went without much prompting. Strange to us, but very satisfactory, the shark did not follow, but by his dorsal fin showing above the surface, we could see he was sailing round and round the place where we had anchored. Breathing a hearty thanksgiving for our escape from what in all likelihood might have proved an awful fate, we pulled away hard for the ship. Arrived on board, the captain, seeing our pale faces and scared looks, asked the cause, and upon telling him, he had foaming tumblers of porter placed before us, and we raised the grateful liquid with trembling hands to our lips, and drank eagerly and gratefully.

Whether it was the effects of the porter acting upon our overwrought nerves I cannot say, but at all events a diabolical idea seized our minds. We had a small shark in the boat still alive. "Cork a bottle," said one, "tie it to

his tail, and throw him overboard !” No sooner said than done. The empty bottle prevented the fish from going down, and it kept bobbing about until perhaps the fish was eaten by another shark or washed ashore, there probably to be devoured by sea-gulls or animals. And all this by way of revenge ! Strange beings boys ! A reaction from downright fear to petty revenge ! Instead of showing gratitude for mercy vouchsafed to us, by showing mercy ourselves, we deliberately commit an innocent fish to a torturing death. Bah ! man is but dust and ashes after all. I feel bound to tell this sequel to our shark incident, although it tells against our humanity. But, reader, something whispers to me that you would have done the same under similar circumstances. Remember, the victim was a shark, of all fish the most dreaded by man, especially by sailors, and held in as great detestation as Old Nick himself, whose neck doubtless you would much like to twist, if by so doing you could rid yourself of such an incubus.





## CHAPTER XII.

### *FIRST EARNINGS.*



HAVE omitted to mention in its proper place that in 1842 the Henty Brothers had a meat-curing establishment erected near the beach to the north of the Double Corner, Portland. The chimney was built by Samuel Ramsden, who in after years realised a fortune by his flour-mills in Melbourne, and subsequently his paper-mills on the south bank of the river Yarra. A short time since he asked for and obtained the stone tablet cut by himself and inserted in the chimney. The tablet bore the inscription, "Henty Bros., 1842."

This establishment was started owing to the want of a market for the surplus fat stock, and proves conclusively how much the sheep and cattle had increased since the settlement was made in 1834, only eight years before. Hun-

dreds of tierces of prime well-cured beef for ships' use were shipped from this place, besides tallow, hides, &c. To return.

A fine ship, the *Australasian*, drifted ashore from her anchorage in the bay. There was a steady south-east breeze blowing—not a gale—with a moderate sea, so that there was no apparent cause for the wreck. Still she grounded, and was *abandoned*. The ship, with her cargo of wool, was sold by auction, and bought by my father and Uncle Frank, at a comparatively small price. They realised a large profit on this transaction. The event proved a rare harvest for the Portland labourers, who got ten shillings a day for an ordinary day's work. I received permission to gather up as much of the broken wool as floated on shore, and, left to my own devices, set to work. There was a large deep pond in the grounds close to our house, and I used the water in this to wash the sand out of any wool I might obtain. I hired a horse and cart and man, and together we went day after day to the beach until we got all the wool we could, worth saving. Very little wool comparatively was washed ashore in fragments, nearly all being taken out in bales from the vessel, just as they had been packed, then opened out, dried, and repacked for shipment. Having secured all the wool worth

saving, I dismissed my horse and cart, and with a man named Tom (surname unknown, probably the Bruiser, from his pugilistic superiority—all the men had a nickname then)—with Tom's assistance I rigged up a stage, and with perforated-bottomed tubs, baskets, &c., washed my mass of wool, sand, and seaweed, and ultimately obtained four bales of mixed wool of all colours—white, yellow, and black—for which I received £83. This was my first attempt at money-making, *ætat* eighteen—not a bad haul for an amateur!





## CHAPTER XIII.

### *SPORTS AND PASTIMES.*



ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy ;” and old Portland was not without its pleasures and amusements. A regatta and race-meeting were held in February of the year 1856. There is no finer bay in Victoria in which to hold a regatta—its ample spread of ocean water, partly enclosed by a half circle of cliffs, which rose from the centre to about forty-five feet above the sea level in a gently undulating ascent to the cliffs on either hand, thus forming a natural amphitheatre than which nothing better could be desired. I determined to form a crew for the amateur whale-boat race. My boat was a good one, and named the *Tuam*. (The *Tuam* is known commonly as the flying squirrel of Victoria, and from its known swift and graceful flight from tree to tree, the name

seemed appropriate to a racing boat, as emblematical of speed.) We had to contend against boats manned by the banks and law, and a general town crew. We came in second. We now challenged the winning crew, and received a challenge from the others. We won both. The course was two miles in distance, and with heavy oars, heavy boats, and a rippling sea, the pulling was severe enough. The boats were five-oared whale-boats—the oars from fourteen to eighteen feet in length. After the race we pulled off to one of our wool-ships, of which there were then several in the bay, loading wool for London. While at lunch on board this vessel I chanced to look out of a porthole. I saw the smoke of a cannon, and exclaimed “What a lot of wadding they must have put into that gun!” It proved to be queer wadding, for it was the half of a man’s leg. It appears that a man was sitting on the bulwark with one leg dangling over the mouth of the gun, and which some one, not noticing him, had fired—result as stated above. The news soon spread, and with a shout, “Tuams follow me!” we were quickly in our boat, and soon on board the vessel on which the accident had happened. A sickly sight met our view. The poop was covered with blood, the man lying insensible, with a rude but effective tourniquet

round his wounded limb, the half of which had been blown away. "Into the boat, boys, and away for a doctor." We started for the shore, and never pulled harder in our lives, cutting down in our eagerness another boat which, despite of signals, *would* cross our bows ; but the crew could swim—others were ready to pick them up—so on we went, and soon returned with the required aid. The unfortunate man recovered, and lived for many years.

Now came the races equine. At these races the ladies used to contribute a bag to be raced for. These bags, formed in the shape of a gigantic pillow and made of some rich velvet, corded and tasselled, were filled with every kind of bachelor's requirements, from a saddle to a tooth-brush, and often included "infantile" articles suggestive of matrimony ! The conditions were, that the riders must be bachelors and gentlemen—the horses to be untrained, and the race to be run in heats. Five or six of us started, and I, on a Muntham horse called "Active," had the good fortune to win two heats, and consequently *the Bag*. A most laughable race followed. My father and Uncle Edward agreed to ride a race on the latter's two grey carriage horses, "Rory" and "Grimaldi." Both men and horses were big. The riders mounted—the word to start was given—and away they



went, arms and legs beating wildly, while bang ! thwack ! bang ! sounded the walking-sticks which they used instead of whips. My uncle won by a head, and the race caused the most hearty and jovial merriment amongst the assembled crowd it has been my lot to witness on a race-course. Aunt Frank gave a ball in the evening, and had the contents of the Ladies' Bag spread out on a large table—a grand display. Well ! those days were days of real happiness, pleasure, and honest jollity. Shoddy was unknown ; all classes kept their place, and respected each other the more in consequence.





## CHAPTER XIV.

### HOMeward BOUND.

**M**Y time had now come for my departure for to me then unknown land—a land which was nearly as much unknown to *me* as Australia was to my father when he set sail for its shores (Australia) in 1829.

On the 12th of March 1856 I sailed for England from Portland, Victoria, in the good barque *Sydney Griffiths* (Harrison, master), with the Messrs. Griffin as fellow passengers ; and after a pleasant but long voyage of one hundred and twenty days, arrived in the London Docks, very loth to leave the vessel, to which and its crew I had grown attached.

The voyage to and from England having been so often described, renders it needless for me to recount all the incidents of the long

passage across the ocean ; suffice it to say that all the events that did occur are well imprinted on my mind. We had a good run of nineteen days to Cape Horn, off which we sighted the Diego Ramirez rocks, rising up boldly and rugged above the smooth-surfaced but huge rolling billows of the great South Sea. Here the "grampus" played around, while a huge "right" whale followed us closely, ever and anon sending a column of water into the air from his "blow-holes." Off the Cape we caught several albatross with hook and line. Strange that ocean birds should suffer from *mal-de-mer* when placed on deck ; but so they did, and their grotesque attempts to waddle about resembled—more than anything else—a happy sailor who had spent too much of his prize-money in fluid refreshments. We sighted the Falkland Isles, near which we fell in with a three days' gale, which was so severe that everything was battened down on deck, while a leg of mutton which was hung in the weather shrouds was carried overboard to leeward by the force of the wind. It was the last fresh mutton we had, and just fit for the spit, being tender from hanging a week. Our chagrin can be imagined when we instinctively felt that this choice morsel would gratify the palate of some hungry shark, who, if he couldn't smack

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his lips over such a *bonne-bouche*, doubtless winked his eye at our discomfiture.

After the south-east trades, then the "doldrums," followed by the north-east trades across the Gulf weed to the "chops of the Channel," and then away up Channel, past the white cliffs of Dover, to old Father Thames.

Being then under twenty, and having lived most of my life from childhood in the Australian bush, and after having been on board a small vessel for four months, landing in the heart of old London was to me confusing to a degree ; while, to add to this state of confusion and to my vastly increased astonishment, our agent packed me off, under proper escort, to see the grand fountains play at the Crystal Palace ! I didn't enjoy anything that day, and no wonder ! coming as I did, an utter stranger, just off the broad ocean, to be plunged suddenly into the vortex of mighty London and the thousands at the Palace. "H——y," I said to my friend, "there is a fine tree there, let us lie down under it and smoke a quiet pipe away from this noisy crowd." My friend, being a seasoned Londoner, looked astonished, but agreed ; and so we had a smoke, while I tried to put my thoughts together. Well, I got back to my rooms in a bad temper, and with a bad headache, heartily tired of cities, crowds, and foun-

tains, wishing them all in Hades. This was my *first* impression.

Next day I took my letter of introduction to Mr. S——, of the Stock Exchange, and in a few days after found myself fairly installed in his handsome and comfortable home in Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, where Mrs. S—— treated me as a son, and by their sons Louis and Edward and the Misses S—— I was heartily welcomed.

With this charming family I was very happy. They took me to Ryde (Isle of Wight), for the season, where they had a beautiful house, pleasantly situated, with a fine view of the sea. While here I was introduced to Mr. Bass, master of a military and naval school, and which my friends Louis and Edward attended. At my request Mr. Bass examined me as to my literary acquirements, the result being that in his opinion it would take two years hard study to fit me for matriculation for Trinity College, Cambridge! This was news with a vengeance, although, under the poor opportunities I had hitherto had for acquiring knowledge of books and languages, hardly any other verdict could be expected. My friends kindly sought out a tutor for me, and had the good fortune to secure the services of the Rev. J. B——, curate of Trinity Church, Ryde, and

in whose house I took up my quarters and set to work, determined to matriculate within the year, or else give up all thought of going up to Cambridge. Fatal resolution, as the after events of my life have well proved. Hard study, poor appetite, combined with close confinement (self sought), took all my condition off, rendering me liable to fall a victim to any epidemic that might visit the town. Such a visitation did come, in the shape of measles, and in a most severe form. Many elderly people died. I took the disease. My medico, at first seeing me, exclaimed, "Good God!" and quickly darkened the room. This was pleasant! Thoughts suggested themselves that I must be very ill indeed. In the evening the doctor came again. He looked solemn, but suddenly his face brightened. He uttered, "Thank God it is only a bad attack of measles, and I thought it was small-pox coming." *Only* measles! Hang it! I was down for weeks, and to call that nothing! Mrs. S—— kindly sent me grapes and other fruits, and after a time I was pronounced convalescent, and allowed to get up. Easier said than done. I couldn't even *sit* up, being so horribly weak. As a special indulgence, and to save the year, I was allowed to do my matriculation papers in bed—and I passed.

My first walk was along the High Street, on

my way to the Ryde Regatta Hotel, having heard that my old Australian friend Arthur Pilleau was there on a visit. That walk is not forgotten easily, that is, if walk it could be called, for my progress was most unsteady from sheer weakness. Fortunately I reached a photographer's, and staggering in sank into an arm-chair ; and while there my photo was taken, one of which I sent to my sister, then at school near Paris, and it subsequently proved a good introduction for me to the young ladies at Passy.

I dined with Pilleau, who on first seeing me shook me heartily by the hand, exclaiming, "What on earth have you been doing with yourself?" I told him my story, when he at once rang and ordered a bottle of old port, and made me drink two glasses, saying I must live well, and get into condition before actual winter set in. Under a liberal diet and exercise strength soon returned.

Before proceeding I break off to relate the effects of a "coo-ee" uttered in the High Street one fine summer night. I had just "turned in" when "coo-ee" came ringing down the street. Our house was in immediate commotion ; dogs barked, cats looked scared, women poked their heads out of top windows, men with foolscaps (called nightcaps) and armed with pokers came trembling to the doors, and my dominie called,

"Are you all right?" But I was in the street in my night-shirt and coo-eeing back again. They thought I was mad, and the police were scurrying along. "Coo-ee" answered "coo-ee," until a young man walked up to me with, "Was that you?" "Yes, and you?" "Shake hands." "Where do you hail from, and what name?" "Henty from Victoria." "And you?" "Morrison from New South Wales." The "coo-ee" subsequently discovered several other Antipodeans to me.

In about a fortnight, and feeling stronger, I procured a passport for France, and started for Paris, having heard that my sister was very ill. Upon reaching the French capital I lost no time in going to Passy, and to the school where my sister was, and where the master of the establishment insisted upon my remaining the day. He and his wife were most kind. My photo had preceded me, and I fear I ill requited the kindness of my host and hostess by romping with all the girls, French, English, and Irish. No lessons that day; they *would* have the fun, you know, so what else could a young fellow do? Well, as there was no harm meant, no harm was done, but as a *souvenir* of this happy day—made more happy because my sister was better—I gave my hostess a kiss, and received a box on the ear and a frown from Monsieur. As



my sister did not seem to benefit by her present mode of treatment, I determined to take her to England, but before leaving we agreed to spend a few days in Paris; and here I met my future wife (at an hotel in the Rue Castiglione)—the perfection of an English girl, rosy cheeks, large merry violet eyes, and masses of rich brown silken hair. She was full of pleasant repartee and conversation. She was my fate! Alas! had I known *then*, as much as *now*, what the altered state of my fortunes would be! Verily life is an age of ups and downs, lights and shadows, joys and sorrows.

We returned to England, my sister and I, *viâ* Rouen and Havre, and upon reaching London made our way by invitation to Mr. Reed, Dunorlan, Tunbridge Wells, where I was laid up with a severe attack of congestion of the lungs. I had brought an emu from Australia for Mr. Reed, and here at Dunorlan I found my emu had grown to be a fine large and handsome bird, and had become one of the attractions of the country people around. After recovering from this my second illness I returned to Gloucester Square, and soon after went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where I took rooms, dined with the Dons, to wit, Professor S., the Rev. J. C——, and others, in the great hall of Trinity, and “wined” afterwards with

some undergraduates. After a time, my lung again proving troublesome, I went to London for advice, and was there ordered by my doctor to try a milder climate, more like that of my native land. I had only kept my terms for a few months at Cambridge, and now saw clearly that I must bid farewell to all my cherished ideas of a University education ; for even should I get well, the climate of England would again prove too much for my weakened constitution. Pity I did not take more time in my preliminary studies ; had this been done my strength would not have been impaired. Well ! we are all in the hands of fate or Providence, and perhaps the French saying stands good, "*L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.*"

My portmanteau packed and furnished with funds for a month's stay at Malta, and bidding my sister and friends "good-bye," I was off by train to Southampton, and embarked on board the P. & O. mail packet bound for Alexandria *viâ* Malta—my destination—where I arrived after a pleasant and fast voyage.

We had hardly reached Malta when the Marseilles packet came in, bringing amongst other passengers our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Childers. Mr. Childers kindly insisted upon my going on to Alexandria with them, and

what with pleasant companions, genial skies, and balmy winds, my lung ceased to trouble me, and I felt as well as ever.

On the passage to Alexandria I made the acquaintance of two young men, C—— and W——. We soon became friends, and travelled together subsequently. On the train leaving for Cairo, I went to see my old Australian and new friends off, bidding them all adieu, when, to my astonishment, as the train was moving away, the latter seized me by the collar of my coat and dragged me into the carriage, and so, *nolens volens*, off I went to Cairo, without luggage, and worse, without money—however, clothes could be purchased, and the latter was supplied so long as my friends' purses held out.

We were ten days at Cairo, and as something went wrong with the machinery of the steamer at Suez, the passengers for Australia were detained at the city all this time; so that we formed a large and merry party at Shepherd's Hotel. We visited the gardens at the Pacha's Palace at Shubra; which looked very orientally beautiful. When starting for this place a very amusing scene occurred. The donkeys on which we rode were shod with flat iron plates. The way lay through a long avenue, and the road was constantly watered by fellahs with

water from their goat or pig skin water-bottles, making the path very slippery. Disregarding the probable consequences, the temptation to have a race became irresistible. A sweepstakes was now arranged, and at the signal off we started. The result was laughable; the donkeys slipped about in all directions, some falling on their knees, some on their sides, while the riders tumbled off on the muddy road. Blank astonishment with some, hearty laughter with others, while those who prided themselves on the neatness of their "get up" pulled long and angry faces. Alas! when I look back upon the years that have passed, how few of the merry hearts of that joyous time are now left! This thought saddens, and almost impels me to lay aside my pen; yet there is often a satisfaction in recalling the past—somewhat melancholy, 'tis true; still the remembrance is like a pleasant dream. From youth to manhood, from manhood to old age—but halt there! this kind of thought won't do, for it painfully reminds me that I too am getting old, and that my time is coming even as the others.

Poor Webber! the genial, light-hearted sailor, what a tragic fate was yours! He was in the habit of sleeping in a boat which was swung from the davits over the side of the steamer

(of which he was the Admiralty agent), and in stepping from the boat to the ship's side missed his footing, and falling into the sea, was drowned. Peace be to his memory! But to hark back.

We visited all the various places of interest in and around Cairo, including Heliopolis and the so-called Petrified Forest; the Citadel, where the bloody scene of the slaughter of the renowned Mamelukes took place, and viewed with feelings of admiration the portion of the wall so gallantly leapt by the noble horse and its rider—the only man who escaped from the massacre. The horse was killed, but the rider escaped—perhaps to recount in some far-away Arab khan the events of that blood-stained conflict. And yet the destruction of this body of men became a political necessity, for while they held the dominant power they could rule the Government, and raise or depose any one to or from supreme power they pleased. It only proved to be a repetition of history—a system which has proved prolific in the downfall of nations and peoples—the right to rule by might, to the disregard of all law and individual rights, of protection to life and property under laws rightly administered. A stern but ever-vivid truth, that despotism can only be supported by arms, while this very support

of its puppet king became the bane of the people under cover of law, the natural protection of the country. The great Mosque is a fine building. On entering this we had to take off our boots and put on slippers, and even then were viewed with scowling looks by the worshipping devotees. Lastly, the famous Pyramids. The start caused a little excitement, the donkeys being particularly cross-grained that morning, and some of our fat friends were thrown ignominiously to grass, to the vast amusement of their more fortunate companions who were enabled to stick to their saddles. On crossing the Nile each donkey (I mean, of course, four-footed) had to be unwillingly lifted into large boats. This operation was accompanied with great shouting and much whipping. Across the river we remounted, and then away for the Pyramids. Arrived at these wonderful monuments of bygone ages (according to Napoleon their age is forty centuries) we found Arabs galore, shouting and pushing for "backsheesh" in voices like unto a cracked hurdy-gurdy. Then the climb up. Every one seized incontinently by these half-nude and wholly unwashed sons of Ishmael—one pushing behind, while one on either side grasped each an arm, and dragged the pilgrim up the steep blocks of stone.

At last we reached a kind of platform, and here my tormentors halted for breath. Now, my ambition was to climb this artificial mountain myself and unaided, so when these filthy Arabs approached me again they learned the experience of a right and left, which tumbled them over, and before they could recover from their surprise I was off, and away up the big "mole-hill," accompanied by my friends, who had also escaped from their Arabs. On reaching the top of the Pyramid our Arabs began to be very abusive. They were tumbled over again. This had a good effect, as we were left in peace and at leisure to view the surrounding scenery. On all sides a vast expanse of sand—only in the far distance one redeeming feature, the silvery Nile (at least from this point of view) winding through an apparently narrow edging of green-clad banks. And we were then actually on one of these world-famed Pyramids! and this desert around us formed part of the once powerful, populous, and rich Egypt of the ancients! The memories of the past this view called up—as one was taught at school—yes, and the floggings too—*O mores, O tempora!*—let me get on—the last memory is too painful. Descending again to the base, we crept through a narrow tortuous passage into the heart of this mass of stone. How many a poor devil must have been goaded

and lashed to death when helping to build these huge mausoleums! Here we saw old Cheops' sarcophagus (I say old advisedly, as, having been interred so long, I suppose both his remains and his coffin must be considerably ancient); and after being nearly deafened by the shouts of the Arabs, crept out again nearly choked with dust, and *very* satisfied. Paying these ragamuffins their "backsheesh," we started back for Cairo. Arrived there we had a Turkish bath, and then dinner. After this we sauntered through the streets. Soon we saw two Copts fighting, in their way—that is, striking each other with the palms of their hands. How to use their clenched fists they knew not. I thought of Moses and the Egyptian of old. Well! I couldn't stand this kind of thing, so essayed to give them a proper lesson in "boxing." Separating the men, I faced one and gave him a blow on the forehead. He staggered back, but quickly recovering, touched his forehead, then looked at his hands, and seeming to grasp the idea, clenched his fist, and gave his opponent a crack which brought him to earth. This settled the matter so far, but so overjoyed was the rascal with his success, that I found myself suddenly embraced by him, and kissed until almost poisoned by his intensely garlic-smelling breath. "Serve you right," said



my friends. I humbly admitted the fact. Still rambling on we came to a large open space. On one side stood a high wall, in the centre of which was a large open gateway. Through this we thoughtlessly went. In a moment two huge Nubians as black as the crow's wing, caught hold of us, and forcibly ejected us. These fellows looked formidable with their drawn yataghans. We were glad to leave. We found we had unwittingly entered the courtyard of the Pasha's harem. After this we deemed it prudent to return to our hotel.

Our Australian and Indian friends now left for Suez *en route* for their several destinations, while C——, W——, and I also resolved to leave Cairo *en route* for Palestine *viâ* Alexandria.

Our dismay was ludicrous when upon counting up our resources we found we had not sufficient to pay our hotel bill. It was no use to look miserable, so tiffin was suggested, with a bottle of sillery, just to help soothe our nerves and quicken up our ideas. Our landlord saw we looked troubled, and addressing us, said—

“You look disturbed, sirs. Can I be of any help to you?”

“Indeed you can,” I replied ; “the fact is, all our money is spent. My cash and my friends’

circular notes are at Alexandria, and we cannot pay you our account."

"Oh, is that all?" he exclaimed. "How much do you want?"

We looked at him in surprise, for we were perfect strangers to him, but answered, "Thirty pounds."

"Come to my office. Now, just sign this draft upon your people in England, and there's the money."

"But," said I, "how can you trust me, an utter stranger to you?"

"Well, you see, young men are often a bit careless in money affairs, and Cairo is not troubled with sharpers from Europe yet. I am not afraid. Good-bye, and I hope you have enjoyed your stay here."

Assuring him that we had, and thanking him for his kindness and confidence, with light hearts we started on our return to Alexandria.

I may mention that my father and sister Mary passed through Cairo a few weeks afterwards on their way to England. S—— mentioned my visit and my impecuniosity, saying casually that he had supplied the "needful." My father at once offered to pay, but S—— refused to take the money, adding that he felt perfectly satisfied.

After some hesitation I agreed to go into the Holy Land with Crossman and Wentzel, although I was not well supplied with money, having on leaving England intended to limit my trip to Malta. However, I was young, and so trusted to the chapter of accidents to carry me through.





## CHAPTER XV.

### *PALESTINE.*

**T**HE narrative is now written in the form of a letter to my sister, who was then in London. Date the 2d of April 1858, from Jerusalem.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I wrote you a few lines from Cairo, which I hope you will get, as you will thus learn how and where I was at that time. I hope to leave Jerusalem for Jaffa on the 8th, and there I must remain until a remittance reaches me from Mr. S——n, which I wrote for some few days ago. You will doubtless be surprised at receiving a letter from me dated from Jerusalem; but after my trip to Alexandria and Cairo your surprise may be a good deal lessened, so that after this, were you to get a letter from me dated Rio or Pekin, you would almost look upon it as a matter of course.

Well, then, I am in Jerusalem—a fact which is even yet difficult to realise. I travelled hither with two friends picked up on board the *Tamar*, and who are going on to Damascus. We start for Jericho, Jordan, and the Dead Sea to-morrow. To begin then. We reached Jaffa from Alexandria in a Turkish steamer. The skipper, who also held the rank of “Bey” in the Egyptian army, was a round-faced, bullet-headed little fellow, with a comical laughing phiz. He was totally ignorant of any language but his own, and was equally ignorant of any knowledge of navigation, though, by the way, I did see him on one occasion on his knees intently examining a chart which he had got upside down, and on which he was busily measuring off distances with a pair of carpenter’s compasses, with such a grave, yet withal comic air, that for the life of me I could not resist a hearty burst of laughter. A fine captain to go to sea with! What a composed set of mortals these Turks are! What must be, must be—Fate governs all. Happy belief—Allah-il-Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet! There were two English engineers on board, and of these more anon.

As the only two cabins had been engaged, we had no alternative but to go as deck passengers, except, indeed, we could hire the captain’s cabin and turn him out on deck instead. Accordingly

on going on board we made our way to our skipper, and attempted to open a negotiation for the said apartment in French, German, and Italian, neither of which, however, he understood. After a good many signs and grotesque gesticulations, we managed to make him understand what we required, when he agreed to let us have the cabin for £2, 10s. We entered, chose our berths, arranged our portmanteaus for pillows, threw a greatcoat over us, produced our pipes and a small glass of *eau de vie*, and made ourselves comfortable. The weather was beautiful, not a ripple disturbed the glass-like surface of the sea. At night the moon, equalling our own Australian in its brilliancy, lighted up the waters and flashed along the sea, while the ripples, impregnated with phosphorescent particles, glinted in millions of twinkling sparks as our vessel rasped through the waves. At sunset our passengers, devout Mohammedans, produced their little carpets, and turning their faces towards Mecca, performed their devotions. The dinner was a novelty to us ; it consisted of a dish of finely minced meat in balls, highly flavoured with herbs and wrapped up in young vine-leaves. There was a bitter quinine-like flavour about this, coupled with the idea of disguised cat or rat, which filled us with strong feelings of disgust, so we put it aside for the next course. This was

so full of garlic that it was uneatable, while W—— had to quit the table and betake himself to the lee side of the vessel. After many attempts we managed to make a sorry meal of some very tough boiled fowl. We tried to wash this down with two kinds of wine, both of which, however, were so horribly sour that we at once rejected them, and “took, and took, and took,” no, not “to corduroys,” but cogniac. We commenced each morning with a bath on deck. We managed this “thusly.” A Turk standing on the bulwark held a bucket to which a rope was attached. Filling this with sea water, he poured the contents over each of us separately three times. This operation amused the Turks vastly, and some of the more inquisitive came up and touched us, to try, doubtless, what made our skins seem so white. C—— and I were very ticklish, and our antics under the process caused much laughter, as the more we wriggled the more they tickled, until with a yell we rushed back to our cabin. We reached Jaffa on a Wednesday, and the next day but one being Good Friday, we were anxious to push on to Jerusalem.

Jaffa (Joppa to the ancients) seen from the sea looks very pretty. It is situated on a hill rising out of the plain and washed by the sea on two sides, and the houses rise one above the other like steps on a staircase. On land-

ing, however, all beauty vanishes, and as the stranger continues his way up the narrow, tortuous, and filthy streets amid muttered ejaculations of disgust, he wonders how human beings can exist in such a pigstye. The bright sun shines, however, and perhaps mitigates all things; besides, you know, use is second nature. There may be back slums in our crowded big cities as bad, nay worse, who may tell? where there is no cheering sun to soften the miserable surroundings. Look to this, O ye wealthy people of wealthy England, and apply your superabundance, which you thoughtlessly squander, to the necessities of the unavoidably poor, thus earning for yourselves the sweet gratitude of many a worn and weary heart. Moralising! Not my line, I fancy I hear you say. Well, perhaps true, more's the pity.

We were conducted by our guide to an hotel kept by Jews (most appropriate), when we had our first experience of a Syrian Easter breakfast, which consisted of passover-bread, fish, and honey. We called upon our Consul, Dr. Kay (who, though a native, spoke English well). He has visited England several times, and proved to be an intelligent, pleasant person. We left Jaffa at two o'clock P.M., on horses furnished by our guide, and capital little Arabs they proved. Our baggage was carried



by mules, which, with the attendants, made our party look like an imposing caravan. On leaving Jaffa we passed gardens of orange, lemon, citron, lime, and pomegranate trees, surrounded by impenetrable hedges of prickly pear plants, which, though unsightly, answered the purpose for which they were intended perfectly, and better than any hedge or fence before known of by me. The Jaffa orange is, I understand, the largest of its kind, and the flavour fully equals the best I have ever tasted elsewhere. Leaving these extensive orangeries, &c., near which Napoleon is said to have massacred his unfortunate three thousand prisoners of war, we entered the plain of Sharon. This plain is of large extent, and the appearance of the soil fully bears out the accounts we have of its ancient fertility. At present but a small portion of this plain is cultivated, owing to the miserable Government which claims, but fails to exercise, dominion over it, thus leaving it to the undisputed control of the warlike but wandering Bedouin. The same may be said of all the other plains of Palestine, which, though capable of producing enormous quantities of serials and other crops, now yield only a bare subsistence to the miserable inhabitants. Continuing our journey we reached Ramleh (said to be the Arimathea of Scripture) at six P.M.

This town is prettily situated on a gently rising hill, and looks pretty at a distance, but, like all Eastern towns, does not improve on a nearer inspection. Mangy dogs, malodorous whiffs of highly questionable air—oh for the perfumes of Rimmel or Araby the blest! We “put up” at the house of a person calling himself the English Vice-Consul, who was in blissful ignorance of any knowledge of the English language. We slept in a large square room, on couches ranged round the sides, with a rug over each—that is, we tried to sleep—but our nocturnal companions were too lively. (Is no country, then, free from *f* sharps and *b* flats?) Next morning at five o’clock we were called by our guide, who bade us make ready for a start. We were off just as the sun was rising over the hills of Judah, now in full view ahead of us. As we slowly wound our way through the silent, narrow dirty streets of Ramleh, we saw an Arab of the desert mounted and armed with a long spear, preceding us. This was the first specimen of a Bedouin robber we had yet seen. Our way lay through a small plain, called the plain of Judah, an offshoot from the plain of Sharon. At eleven A.M. we entered the hills of Judah. These presented a round bald appearance, owing to the absence of trees. They are covered with large boulders of rock, which give

them an extremely sterile aspect. An hour more and we reached the wells called Emmaus. This is said to be the Emmaus of Scripture. As the weather was very hot, W—— and I had a bath in one of the wells used for watering the camels and other stock. The water reached to the surface of the ground. (I have omitted to mention that we passed a herd of camels—about one hundred—in the plain of Sharon. Strange-looking animals they appeared to us.) We halted at the wells for half an hour, lunched, and then pushed on for another hour, when we saw a man driving a donkey laden with oranges. We at once cantered up, when the man in charge took fright, and bolted away up the hill-side. However, we soon convinced him of our peaceable intentions, and throwing him some piastres, were quickly enjoying the luscious juicy fruit beneath the grateful shade of a large evergreen oak. Continuing our journey we reached a large square building, once used as a church, doubtless by the Crusaders, but now converted into a herding-place for cattle, sheep, and goats. Soon we saw Gilead, and about two miles to our left Bethoran. The path, covered with stones and rocks, offered very insecure footing for our horses and mules. This path led us up to our last hill. On reaching the top we saw Naby-Samuel, and about an

hour afterwards—Jerusalem ! On seeing the city all our party halted for some minutes, and in rapt silence continued gazing on that ancient and renowned place about which we had heard from our earliest childhood—almost as soon, indeed, as our opening minds could contain an idea. Why seek to write the thoughts of those few minutes ? Why attempt to give utterance to the flood of recollections and thrilling emotions which passed through the mind as I looked upon the spot which the great God had chosen for His dwelling-place amongst men ? The attempt would occupy me too long, and the result, if indeed attempted, would be too poor to give you any idea of my feelings at that time. I leave you to imagine all I would write.





## CHAPTER XVI.

### JERUSALEM.

**I**T is needless for me to give a description of Jerusalem, as it has been so often described by many able men. We "put up" at an inn kept by a German Jew. Like all the other buildings, it was flat-topped and parapetted, and on the top of this Eastern dwelling we smoked our pipes filled with fragrant latakia. Behind this caravansera lay the Pool of Hezekiah. We now prepared for our trip to Jericho. It had been raining all night, and we, who had been grumbling at the weather, and grumbling at our bad luck, jumped from despair to sudden joy and hope as the sun burst forth and the rain-threatening clouds rolled away, leaving a clear blue sky exposed to our gaze. In half an hour we were in our saddle, and preceded by a handsomely dressed dragoman, well armed with

sword and pistols, we left the Holy City by St. Stephen's Gate, and saw the spot where the martyr was stoned to death. Descending into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, we passed the Virgin's Fount, and rode along the rocky slopes of the Mount of Olives. A few hundred yards farther brought us to where Bethany once stood, the spot now marked by a few wretched dwellings inhabited by a squalid and miserable race of people. The path led us over a portion of the hills of Judah, which are formed of a calcareous rock, covering nearly the whole surface, and thus presenting to the eye a scene of desolation and sterility hardly conceivable, bearing out the prophecy, "Thy land shall be left desolate," too truly.

Near Bethany we were met by the Sheik of Jericho. His mode of introducing himself was startling. We were riding in single file round the side of the hill, myself leading, when suddenly, at full gallop, appeared the Sheik coming towards us, with his long gun to his shoulder at full cock, and presented right at us. To turn or go up or down the hill seemed impossible for any four-footed animal save a chamois; so imagine my state of real funk—for there is no other word for it—as I thought the fellow fully intended to blaze away. But no; almost touching me, he quickly drew his horse back on his haunches, when, throwing his

gun up in the air and catching it again neatly as it came down, he said very politely, "Salumet Inglese." I could only stutter out, "Salumet Arabi. Hang it! you gave me a confounded fright!" The Sheik proved a capital fellow, and we became good friends. This Arabic mode of salutation, they say, is common. The Sheik was to be our guide and protector during our journey. He was a picturesque-looking fellow as he rode along on his white Arab horse. His head-dress consisted of a large Damascus shawl with tasselled ends, and confined to his head by a double circlet of blue woollen yarn—the ends hanging gracefully over his shoulders. He wore an under robe of white cotton, and over this was another of red and yellow silk, and over all a strong, heavy capote of camel haircloth, marked alternately with brown and black stripes. The two under robes were fastened round his waist with a sash in which he carried his pistols and sword; his gun was swung over his shoulder, and his costume was completed by a pair of red morocco riding-boots.

Winding along the hills, we suddenly came in sight of a flock of black and white cranes. Taking the Sheik's gun, I went in pursuit of them, but was unsuccessful in obtaining a specimen. At four P.M. we arrived at the Vale of Murder. This ravine would seem from its appear-

ance fully entitled to the name it has received, for it is admirably adapted for deeds of violence. The road winds along the edge of a mountain torrent ; on either edge abruptly rise the rugged sides of the hills, behind the projecting rocks of which assassins can easily take secure and deadly aim at the unwary traveller. I think this must be the scene of the parable of the Good Samaritan. A mile farther we caught a glimpse of the brook Cherith, winding its solitary course amongst the rocks at a very great depth beneath us. This is supposed to be the Cherith of Scripture, where Elijah the prophet was hidden, and where, so we read, he was fed by the ravens. At length we reached the edge of the hill country, where we saw spread out before us the beautiful plain of Jericho—beautiful even in its desolation. On reaching the plain we went with the Sheik Salama to see Elisha's Fount, while Mahmoud proceeded to the Arab village, near which to pitch our tents. We crossed the Cherith, and soon reached the fount. The water flowed from the bottom of a hill, and was perfectly fresh. A sycamore-tree stood on one side of it. This stream was once, so the Bible tells us, unwholesome, but became miraculously sweet and good on Elisha's throwing in some salt.

Just before we left the fount Sheik Salama (as the sun was setting) spread his piece of



carpet on the ground, and kneeling down with his face towards Mecca, performed his devotions. After remaining half an hour at this spot we proceeded on to the tents, which were no sooner up than it began to rain. The rain came down in torrents, and poured all night long, accompanied by a strong wind. The tent was watertight, so we escaped a wetting. It was large, lined inside, and well furnished with carpets, camp-beds, chairs, and table. The cuisine was excellent, and after a good dinner we turned in and slept well, notwithstanding the wind and rain, but awoke the next morning only to find the rain still falling fast. This was dreary enough, so after a fair amount of grumbling at our ill-luck we got up, had breakfast, a pipe, and then between the showers mounted to the top of an old ruined tower close by, built by the Turks, from which we got a splendid view of the plain, the hills of Moab, the Mount of Temptation, the river Jordan, and the Dead Sea. The Arab village lay beneath us; the huts composing it looked like a collection of pigstyes, rather than habitations fit for human beings.

We afterwards walked through this village, and found it as filthy as it looked. No wonder the plague finds its home in the East. The site of ancient Jericho could nowhere be found. An hour later I got a gun, some coarse powder, a

little shot, and sallied forth with our Sheik to try and get a shot at the pigeons which abound in the plain, but only succeeded in shooting a hoopoe, the wings of which I preserved. On the previous evening we had the Sheik in our tent, and I got his signature and seal to my passport. After this the Arabs danced one of their national dances before the door of the tent. This appeared to me one of the most senseless and stupid performances I ever witnessed, and not to be compared to the Corrobberie of our own Australian natives. The rain having cleared off, we mounted our horses, and were soon in the wake of our Sheik, who preceded us by a few yards. An hour's riding brought us to the Dead Sea. This sea differed in no particular in appearance from any other lake or sea, but on dipping our hands into it and tasting it, we found a very essential difference, the water being salt in the extreme, and leaving a disagreeable taste in the mouth for some time.

We next proceeded to the Jordan. The sight of this river is very refreshing, after passing through so much poor country, rendered so doubtless from the saltiness of the soil. The banks were lined with large trees and shrubs of a beautiful fresh green, while the Hills of Moab towered up on the other side. The stream flowed rather swiftly (caused perhaps by the

heavy rains) and the water was very muddy. We bathed, "tiffined," cut our palm-sticks, mounted and rode to our tents, which we reached at 7 P.M. It came on to rain hard, and we expected a wet morning, but much to our delight the following day was bright and beautiful. We struck our tents early, and went off to the Dead Sea for St. Saba, a convent of the Greeks, where we intended to pass the night. In an hour we were again ascending the steep rocky slopes of the Hills of Judah. Our road lay parallel to the Dead Sea, of which we caught occasional glimpses between the summit of the intervening hills. After two hours' riding we reached an Arab encampment. The tents, formed of cloth made of fine camel's and goat's hair, were pitched in a circle, the tent-ropes between each intercrossed, and within which the sheep and goats were kept at night. We entered the tent of the sheik of the tribe, were "squatted" upon the carpet of honour, and excited the interest of all, the Arabs getting in a circle around us. A fire was kindled, and the black Nubian Arab, ugly and dark-skinned as Erebus, brought a wooden mortar and pestle, shaped like those used by chemists in compounding their drugs. Into this he put a handful of roasted coffee, which he began to mix. This done, he put the pounded coffee

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into a little brass pan or pot, and boiled and served it out to us in tiny cups without sugar or milk. It was very black and very thick, and looked uncommonly like the proverbial "black draught" of our childhood's days. After this backsheesh and bon-bons to the sheik's nude picaninnies, and tobacco to the Arabs, we mounted and rode on our way. Our road led us along the sides of lofty hills, and was in parts dangerous and difficult, sometimes the path being very narrow, the hill sloping down some sixty feet—not pleasant riding. We arrived at the convent St. Saba at 4 P.M., were shown into a clean room, and waited upon by a monk with arrack and dried fruits. The convent is built upon the side of a cliff about one hundred feet high, forming one side of the brook Kedron. The opposite side is much higher than the one on which the convent is built. It is perforated with holes and caverns, the abodes in former times of numerous religious devotees, who subsequently banded together and reared the present convent in its singular but picturesque position. After inspecting the interior of the building, we descended by many flights of steps to the convent court, from which, through a trap door, by means of a ladder, we reached the bed of the brook Kedron (now dry). We immediately began a scramble up the side in

order to inspect the caves and obtain another view of the convent. The effect was most singular and even romantic. The castellated towers and walls, rising one above another, appeared to cling to the steep and rugged rocks. Crossman began to sketch, Wentzel to make notes, while I borrowed a gun from an Arab, and, accompanied by him, went in search of eagles, pigeons, partridges, and conies, which abound amongst the hills.

We left St. Saba next morning for Bethlehem, where we arrived at mid-day. We visited the Latin convent which is said to stand on the site of the inn or stable in which our Lord was born. We saw the place where He was said to have been born—the spot where the manger was, and finally the tomb of the Innocents. These spots are pointed out to travellers by the monks, and are not to be relied upon as authentic.

You may imagine what a thrilling interest this place had for us. I purchased a mother-of-pearl shell, on which was rudely carved a figure representing Joseph guiding the ass carrying the virgin Mary, who holds the Infant Jesus in her arms.

Bethlehem is prettily situated on the side of a hill. Opposite lies the field in which the shepherds kept watch over their flocks on the evening of the Nativity.

Leaving this interesting town we proceeded on to Jerusalem, through a country more beautiful and much better cultivated than any we had yet seen. I learnt afterwards that most of the land between Jerusalem and Bethlehem is in the hands of German Jews, which may account for its being so much better tilled and cared for. We arrived at Jerusalem in the evening, and once more took up our quarters at Hauser's Hotel. As the name implies this hostelry was kept by a German, and very well too. It was situated beside the pool of Hezekiah, on which we looked down when smoking on the flat roof of our oriental dwelling. These flat roofs were a new experience to me, as well as the solid manner in which the buildings are constructed. Both the roofs and the walls are admirably adapted either to insure coolness in summer or warmth in winter—a plan of building which might well be imitated in our Australias.





## CHAPTER XVII.

### *AN EASTER DAY AT JERUSALEM.*

**I**T was in the year 1857 that I spent Easter at Jerusalem—that is to say, just in this year of grace 1885, some twenty-eight years ago. It is a long time to look back upon, but the remembrances of such a day so spent can never be forgotten. Then a young fellow of twenty—now a middle-aged old fellow of near forty-eight. Then life bright with hope—into which no troubles had come—full of youth and energy. Since, many troubles and many sorrows—many cares—yet through them all a loving wife and good children to soften the rigour of the inflictions. Truly the more one comes to consider the emptiness of earthly joys based upon human plans, the more one contemplates with awe that future state of either complete happiness or utter woe, that it is written—into one or the

other the soul must pass, and then the shrinking fear lest a misspent life may not have exhausted that fountain of mercy, ere repentance has come and the door of the Bride Chamber is closed.

Such thoughts had hold of me this Easter Day, and they come with greater force because I have stood on the ground where the cruel tragedy was enacted, and in spite of me, thoughts of wrath and loathing rose in my heart as the picture appeared before the mind's eye of an innocent, inoffensive, loving-hearted, holy man, ruthlessly and cowardly put to a fearsome death by a hypocritical, rabid, and fanatical crowd. Yes ! and He more than man, man only in appearance to men's eyes—but Very God of Very God, the Lord our Redeemer.

It was my wish to attend all the services in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre during the whole day. We obtained permission to enter, and a guide, through the kindness of the Consul ; and were just about to leave the hotel, when a party of howling dervishes came leaping, shouting, and brandishing spears along the narrow street. These men behaved like lunatics, and it was explained that it was dangerous to meet them when thus excited. When these fellows had passed, probably impaling some unfortunate wretch in their mad career, we started for the entrance to the church, and soon joined in



the crowd of eager pilgrims of all nations and languages and Christian creeds, who were striving for admission.

The Turkish officers used the flat of their swords repeatedly, and many a sounding thwack the thick-skulled strangers got. The spectacle of people professing the faith of Christ wrangling at the door of so sacred an edifice, and kept in order by infidel Mahometan soldiery, was rather distressing. This, however, was but a foretaste of what was to come.

At length the large doors were opened and we all surged in. There was no stopping—to attempt this meant being trampled to death: there were several crushed to death later on in the building. We were soon conducted to a narrow slit in the wall, and entering this, we ascended a flight of steps to a balcony, from which we had a secure and uninterrupted view of all the subsequent proceedings. It was a curious scene we looked upon; a heaving multitude of some twenty different nationalities, clad in the different costumes of their various countries. All the nations of Europe were represented—while Persians, Copts, Tartars, Indians, &c., all were there. And now commenced a curious ceremony, and to a student of the Bible, or a believer in the New Testament, a blasphemous one. At the head of a long procession

of Greek priests marched a fine, venerable-looking old man, having a grandly flowing white beard, and clad in rich vestments, mitre, &c. Preceding him walked backwards, bearers swinging censers containing burning incense. This old man was the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem. Thrice they went round the shrine, said to contain the manger in which the Saviour was born. Presently the Patriarch stopped before a low opening in the shrine, which he, after being disrobed, entered amidst the breathless silence of the multitude. Soon we saw that each man in the crowd held a small coloured wax taper. And now the mystery was to be explained. It appears to be the belief, and hence the custom, that the Patriarch of Jerusalem on Easter Day can invoke the presence of the Holy Ghost, and make His presence known to the people by showing fire from a little hole in the side of the shrine. Well, the smoke came and then the fire! The scene that ensued beggars all description. Each and all of the multitude rushed to light his taper, and round any poor wretch who succeeded in getting a light a dozen would congregate and tear and haul and scratch and bite, like a lot of infuriated old denizens of the depths of Billingsgate. Faugh! the sight was disgusting; and all this was done in the name and for the glory of that pure and simple

heavenly message to man "That ye love one another!"

It occurred to me then, but with tenfold more force since, how much these Greek and Latin priests have to answer for, in teaching under the guise of Holy Writ that which is utterly opposed to *it* in principle and in fact, in thought, word, and deed, and thus degrading their ignorant fellow-men to a condition of mind as low as that of the lowest type of untutored savages. Christ's teaching was to elevate and not to degrade humanity.

I was informed that the custom of producing the so-called holy fire was originated by the Latins, but since abandoned by them, when its transparent absurdity was discovered even by their ignorant followers. Some Latin monks who were close to me ridiculed the Greeks for retaining the superstition. It is a wonder the money-loving monks gave up the thing, as it certainly "drew good houses," and so must have resulted as a fine paying speculation! They may be allowed to "score one" for this extraordinary instance of (forced?) self-denial.

Tired of sitting in the balcony, I descended and got behind one of the Turkish soldiers, who in a double line kept a lane clear for the procession of the priests. This man wore the Crimean medal. He at first gave me a push

with the stock of his rifle, but upon my saying "Inglesi," he smiled, and saying "Bono Inglesi" placed me close behind him, and kept the crowd off with an occasional prick with his bayonet. It was in the struggle to obtain some of this "fire" that several pilgrims were trampled under foot and died.

After the Greeks had satisfied themselves, the Armenians had their turn, but without the episode of the "fire" business, in which I was glad to find they did not believe. When the Armenians had completed their ceremonies, it was permitted to any one to enter the chamber and view the so-called manger. This consisted of a marble trough, very much kissed away on one side, from the many millions of kisses bestowed upon it by the devout pilgrims, through the long-passed-away centuries. I duly entered and kissed where so many had kissed before, and withdrew.

The services in the different parts of the church assigned to the various sects now commenced, and soon the sermons were delivered—some in Latin, some in modern Greek, some in Syriac, and some in Coptic. The worshippers had now got over their frenzy, from exhaustion I fancy, and matters went on more orderly.

I now met with a very handsomely dressed Syrian from Beyrout. His dress of white linen

shirt, embroidered waistcoat of red cloth, dark-blue braided jacket, dark-blue braided trousers, loose, baggy, and confined to the ankles, and festooned over a very well-made pair of Parisian patent leather elastic-sided boots. Round his waist he wore a coloured silken shawl. The usual red fez with blue tassel, and a small puggaree bound round it, covered his head. Altogether Selim, with his really good features and large dark eyes, looked a very handsome fellow—the true ideal, I should say, of a Beyrout dandy. He showed me over parts of the building which had been allowed to fall into decay, through the jealousies of rival (Christian?) sects, and then taking me to join some of his friends, introduced me, and handed me oranges and sherbet for refreshment. These people seem to live on very light food. (John Bull would not last a month on the food they subsist upon.) Consequently they have not much stamina, nor what we call “go” in them, hence they never can become a great or conquering people. However, my short intercourse with Selim and his companions led to a very pleasant result. It appears they had come from their native town to gain information, with a keen desire for knowledge of the right principles of the Christian religion. They had witnessed that day the mummeries and other absurdities of the

Latin, Grecian, Armenian, and other sects, each claiming to be the true expositor of the truths of Christianity. They laughed at all their ceremonies and dissensions, and tauntingly asked—"What is the religion of Christ? Your so-called followers of His seem to be greatly divided." Well, I was only nineteen, and only a few months from my native gum-trees in far-away Australia, and although brought up in the truths of the New Testament by a true Church of England Protestant mother, yet was not quite able to argue on theological points. Fortunately they had a New Testament with them. This I took, and opened it in Matthew, at Christ's sermon on the Mount. I read—they listened attentively, and when I had finished Selim said, "At last then we have truth, for such teaching if acted upon would make all people happy." He added, "Do you stay long at Jerusalem?" I said I was, like himself, only a traveller, and must leave with my companions next day early, but that if he wished it I would introduce him to the Protestant teacher, or to Bishop Gobat, Bishop of Jerusalem. I did the former but not the latter, as no opportunity offered; still let me hope that Selim and his friends were quite believers in the only source from which man can gain comfort, namely, a firm unshaken belief in the great atonement

made by our Saviour Jesus Christ for the salvation of fallen humanity.

The evening was now turned into night, and we left the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the floor of which was strewn with the sleeping forms of the devotees, worn out with the day's excitement. Strange to find throughout history that man's tendency leans so absolutely to the efficacy of forms and ceremonies. In the heathen world the most cruel tortures were and are voluntarily suffered, and even self-inflicted, under a belief that the devotee by his self-torture propitiates some unseen power or deity. Even the Jews, though directed by their prophets and judges, and frequently by the direct manifestation of Almighty power, failed to grasp in the spirit the will of God ; but, on the contrary, flew to the worship of idols made by man, out of earthly materials. So we find in the present day many sects calling themselves Christians, departing wholly from the spirit of the Saviour—preferring rather to place a chief dependence on forms and ceremonies, assisted in some cases, as they think, by the advocacy of a multitude of so-called saints, thus derogating from the honour, glory, and effect of that wonderful sacrifice of the Son of God for the redemption of man !

The front of the shrine of the manger is decorated with a great number of silver lamps, which

are always kept lighted, except for a brief period (so I understand), when the ceremony of the production of the so-called "holy fire" is performed. I attended the Protestant service, conducted by Bishop Gobat. A good many attended this service, nearly all inhabitants of the country, and clad in many various costumes. Many stayed for the sacrament. It was curious to see such an assemblage gather to perform this act of remembrance of the Great Benefactor.

My time in Jerusalem was short, so that I do not pretend to give a description of the city. This has been most carefully done by other writers, amongst whom I must mention George Sandys's *Travels in the East* in 1610, a relation of the then Archbishop of York and an ancestor of my wife's. This account is wonderfully accurate, though written two hundred and fifty years ago, and elaborately illustrated—a remarkable production. There was one spot, however, which filled me with a most painful interest. I allude to the place on the outside of the walls of Jerusalem, where may be seen many Jews mourning over the departed glory of their beloved city, and also the desolation of their country, once so rich, so populous, so great. The part of the wall chosen for this wailing-place is composed of immense blocks of stone supposed to form part of the original wall of this ancient city.





## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE HOLY LAND CONTINUED.



I HAD hoped to have started for Jaffa *en route* for Alexandria and England, when I learnt that the steamer from Jaffa would not start for Egypt for a week. This was a great disappointment, as I was anxious to get back to England. My two friends had agreed to pitch a tent on the Mount of Olives and live there a few days. They wished me to join them, when I met a Scotch gentleman who also wanted to get to England as soon as possible. Upon asking him what he intended to do for the next week, he said that he, his wife, and friend, Mr. Stanley Mitchell (a white native of New South Wales), had arranged to go to Caiffa, near Mount Carmel, and take the Austrian Lloyds' steamer thence to Alexandria. They readily permitted me to join them. We left Jerusalem for the

last time, and reached our halting-place at 7 P.M.—it is called Bëēr, from an old fountain (always thought a fountain for *beer* was modern). This place is frequently mentioned in Scripture, and the ground round (now turned into roughly cultivated corn-fields, in which heaps of loose stones are dotted about) was once covered with stately palaces and busy with a thriving population. Here again is proved the saying that “your land shall be left desolate.”

The next ruins we came to were those of Bethel, so famous in the Scripture narrative. The prophecy that Bethel should “come to naught” is literally fulfilled, as the site of the ancient town is now covered with masses of loose stones amongst which the thistle luxuriates. We next day entered the mountains of Ephraim, which presented a much more cheerful appearance than any of the other hill country we had passed through. The hills were terraced to the top. On these grew olive and fig trees. They were also cultivated for serial crops, and it was curious to see the husbandman very many yards above us ploughing the soil on these terraces, with his oddly coupled yoke of an ox and a donkey, drawing the old-fashioned but biblical plough of the country. Soon we had a peep at a very pretty looking town perched on the top of a rounded, *plump*-looking hill, on the sides of

which flourished many noble old olives. We next came to Gob or Gibeah, where Eleazar, son of Aaron, was buried. The country now appeared to be better cared for, as large plantations of the olive and the fig covered the hillside. We constantly met with traces of old vineyards: the vine does not seem to be cultivated now.

At the next village Mitchell and I left our party to visit Shiloh, about an hour's ride from our track. It was rather risky to go by ourselves, as the inhabitants of these valleys eke out a living by plundering travellers; however, we had a revolver, and so we started. At Shiloh we were soon surrounded by a large number of the natives; but, determined to show no fear, we dismounted in order to gather a few flowers as souvenirs of the spot. One fellow now took hold of my horse's bridle. It was no use to be afraid, so quietly mounting I began to laugh and joke with them. Pulling out my watch to see the time, and pressing the spring, the lid flew open. Upon seeing this they jumped back, uttering exclamations of wonder and dismay, and audibly muttering "Ebn eblis"—"Christiano Kaib," or "Son of Satan"—"Christian Dog," &c. These people were very polite!

I took my cue from this "fear" of theirs of my timepiece, and determined to alarm them still more, so shutting the watch I called one

of them to approach, and signed to him to blow on the back of the watch. This he did, though keeping at a respectable distance, when the lid flew open, and instantly the Syrian started back with a shout of terror! They now formed a ring round us, muttering again "Son of Satan," &c. (nice parentage *n'est ce pas?*) Mitchell was by this time on his horse, when, putting spurs to our "nags," we dashed through the "natives," tumbling several over in the process. We escaped unhurt, but had to gallop hard to get away from them, as they ran very fast. We had to pass through a narrow gorge, when a fellow with his long gun resting on a rock close by took deliberate aim at us and fired. The bullet passed between us and flattened against a rock hard by. I may mention here that another party of travellers were robbed at Shiloh the day after our visit there. The curious part of *their* visit was that the robbers took everything of value but their watches. They remembered mine, no doubt, and so perhaps showed their respect for this useful companion.

As we approached Sychar or Shechem, now known as Nablous, the country was again well cultivated, and the villages, picturesquely situated on the slopes and tops of the hills, gave the country a cheerful and inhabited appearance. Sychar or Nablous is the prettiest town

I have seen in Palestine. It is situated almost on a plain or wide valley. Mount Ebal towers on the one side, and Mount Gherizim on the other, the "mounts of blessing and cursing." We rested here all Sunday. In the morning at eight o'clock we attended Divine Service at the missionary schoolhouse. Prayers were offered, and a sermon delivered by the schoolmaster, Yacoub Moussa, in Arabic. The congregation consisted of nine adults (men), as many children, and ourselves—the women listened to the service behind the screen, which divided them off from the men. It was very pleasant to find in a country essentially Mahometan a Protestant community composed of inhabitants of the land worshipping God according to our belief, and presided over by a Protestant native. Yacoub Moussa was taught by Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem. He spoke English very fairly, and introduced us to his wife—a merry, pretty-looking young woman. After tiffin we visited Jacob's well and Joseph's tomb—the former is filled up, the latter is well preserved. And could this indeed be Samaria! The ancient city once so lovely and so powerful, so rich and so great!—the glory of her monarchs, the envy of other nations! Alas, alas, how thy glory has departed! One could hardly realise the fact of its having been once so great. On the ground where noble

palaces once stood, Arab mud huts now stand. Noble columns—seared and scarred by time, some standing, some lying half-buried in the ground—attest the fact that here was once a fair city, and that the prophecy contained in Micah concerning it has been minutely fulfilled. The verse runs thus—“Therefore I will make Samaria as a heap of the field and as plantings of a vineyard, and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof.” The heart, saddened by the appearance of such desolation, gathers hope and comfort when reading the prophecy yet to be fulfilled, that Samaria shall rise from its degradation to be once again a great and glorious city.

On leaving Samaria we rode on to Hourka, where the boys pelted us with stones, and reached D’Jénin at 5 P.M. Our road all day led us through a rich and beautiful country. The sun was very powerful, like our summer days in Australia in December. At Nablous I bought a white bournous, and this proved a good protection from the sun. We encamped under a large evergreen oak,—close by flowed a sparkling stream. Some of our Arab escort were seated round the evening fire, while others were posted as guards to keep off robbers, the people about here being an unruly and turbu-

lent lot. In the morning Mitchell and I left D'Jénin with a mounted Arab guard for Mount Tabor, Mr. and Mrs. Hean with our baggage, and a party of travellers (Americans) following. Our road lay through the plain of Esdraelon: this is a large, richly grassed plain. As we rode on we saw in the distance, on the top of a conical hill to our right, a mounted Arab, holding his long spear across the pommel of his saddle. He and his horse appeared immovable, like a monument of stone sharply defined against the clear blue sky beyond. Mitchell and I thought nothing extraordinary in such an apparition, so as the track was good, we put our horses to a gallop, and had a race for a mile or so, which brought us to the base of the hill upon the top of which was the Arab sentinel, who the moment we got so far galloped like lightning down the hill right up to us, poising his spear as if in the act of throwing it, and obliged us to halt. Our dragoman, who was belabouring his mule away behind us, seeing our fix now came up, and after a short colloquy between him and our new acquaintance the latter lowered his spear and seemed satisfied.

We were about to continue our journey when it struck us that neither Mr. or Mrs. H. or our luggage had a guard, and that therefore the Arabs of the plain would have no compunction

in annoying the former and carrying off the latter. We therefore pulled up, much to our chagrin, as Mount Tabor was within five miles of us. Half an hour elapsed, when we were joined by our party, and as they were not under the protection of a guard, the Arabs at once demanded backsheesh. At the same moment two other Arabs came up, armed with guns, long spears, and yataghans—formidable-looking fellows. The Americans who had joined our party strongly objected to pay, and one of them pulling out a small revolver, presented it at the head of one of the Arabs. In a moment a spear was within an inch of his chest, and a yataghan over his head, when I, being close to him, threw up his arm, and the “bulldog” exploded harmlessly in the air. The Arabs seemed greatly pleased at this, patting me on the back, and ever and anon exclaiming “buono Inglese.” The Americans had to pay heavily for this freak. We afterwards heard that they had to enter Damascus almost nude, having again given offence to the Arabs, who stripped them of all they possessed.

I have always found that when travelling in foreign lands true philosophy dictates a line of conduct in conformity with the customs of the country through which you are passing. The backsheesh or blackmail of the Arab is



nothing more than a species of customs duty, and is far less in extent and infinitely less annoying than our high and vexatious tariffs, and especially in the manner in which these latter are sometimes levied. We paid a few coins each and passed quietly on.

Soon we came to Jezreel, the site of the old city now marked by a heap of stones, and next the village of Shunem. We now ascended the hills and in an hour entered Nazareth. The town was estimated to contain about seven thousand inhabitants, but I thought seven hundred would be nearer the mark. It is situated on the sides and top of a hill, and at a distance looks pretty, but on a nearer inspection most of the dwellings are found to be in a ruinous condition, The streets are narrow and dirty, and in many places are blocked up by heaps of earth and refuse, the accumulation of centuries.

We visited the Franciscan convent and saw the spots pointed out to us as "Joseph's workshop," "the Virgin's kitchen," &c. In the traditions of the latter what a fall from the sublime to the ridiculous! But it is natural, for of course the monkish mind could not soar above a "*kitchen*." There is a Protestant missionary school at Nazareth, attended by some eighty pupils, who are taught the Bible and the three R's. While here Mitchell and I got

nicely *caught*, "sold" in fact. There is an overground water-tank built of solid masonry, holding water to a depth of some three feet. This water is used for stock purposes. We determined to have a bath, and accordingly, undressing, plunged in. Presently (it was early morning) we saw a long line of handsome damsels with water-jars poised on their heads coming to the well hard by to draw water. To leave our tank we could not, as long as these fair girls were filling their jars and squabbling for precedence within a few feet of us. By the way, what splendid eyes these girls had! Large and lustrous like those of the gazelle, and what graceful forms, as they moved with stately step to and from the well. However, they left at last, and we, half numbed, got out of the tank and quickly ran for our clothes.

Towards noon the camping ground was occupied by five more tents—those of the party who had been robbed at Shiloh, and to whom we recounted our adventure and escape there. We next started for Caiffa, about a mile beyond which rises Mount Carmel. Our road led us along the edge of the plain of Esdraelon—about two hours. We then entered the first forest we had seen in this country. The trees were ever-green oak, mingled with wild fruit trees, covering gently undulating hills—never did any scene put

me so much in mind of many a spot in my far-away Australian home as this, and indeed had a sheep-yard occupied yon bare patch, with a shepherd's hut beside it, the scene would well represent many a similar view in the great South land.

Leaving this fine open forest we entered upon another plain, bounded on one side by the mountains of Carmel, along the base of which we travelled. Three hours' ride before us lay Caiffa, and about nine miles on our right St. Jean d'Acre came just in sight. Two miles before we reached Caiffa we crossed the brook Kishon. The crossing-place of this ancient stream is at its supposed source, and we saw the clear crystal water bubbling out at the foot of old Carmel. In half an hour we had passed through Caiffa, and were soon enjoying our lunch under a wide-spreading tree. After which the tents were pitched, and then my party started for the top of Mount Carmel. Unfortunately a sudden illness compelled me to remain in the tent, and so I missed the view from old Carmel—from whose ancient height Elijah prognosticated the fall of rain, and warned Ahab, by his servant, to make haste down ere the water should stay him.

Next morning we struck our tents for the last time in Palestine, and embarked on board

the Austrian Lloyds' steamer *Africa*—bound for Alexandria *viâ* Jaffa. We had hardly arrived on board, and secured our cabins, when some forty Austrian monks and pilgrims joined the vessel, and filled up the other cabins and even the saloon. They were a dirty, scrubby, unshorn lot—complexions billiously yellow. Some three hundred Mahometan pilgrims were stowed on deck in pens—men, women and children—all together like so many pigs! The scene that ensued when the steamer got into rough water was something to be remembered, but *not* described. For four days had these unfortunates to remain in this miserable, wretched state.





## CHAPTER XIX.

### *MY FIRST TURKISH BATH.*

**O**NE of the greatest novelties I experienced in the East was the Turkish bath. Although the Turkish bath is now familiar to most people since it has been established in our principal cities, yet to me some twenty-eight years ago it was a novelty, so when after a long day's exploration of some of the historical sights of Cairo, my friends proposed refreshing ourselves with this—to us all—new kind of way in the application of water and soap to our dust-covered persons, we resolved to experience the cleansing and soothing effect which we were assured would be the certain result from being bathed in this fashion. Accordingly, preceded by our dragoman, we rode on the inevitable donkey to the entrance of a narrow and dirty-looking lane. Dismounting, we proceeded down the lane to a

door which admitted us into a large hall, round the sides of which "divans" were ranged, and on which were placed narrow mattresses for the use of bathers. The floor was flagged with marble slabs. The first live object we saw in this hall was a red-faced man, wearing a large reddish beard. He was stretched on a mattress, and wrapped up in a kind of white linen sheet, with an ample white turban on his head. "Oh," said I, "a fine-looking ancient Egyptian this—but don't you think his beard uncommonly red for one of the dark natives of this land of crocodiles?" The figure shook with hearty laughter, and, rising to a sitting posture, pulled off the turban, and revealed to our astonished gaze the jolly good-natured face of our acquaintance and fellow-passenger, G——. Laughing at our mistake, we inquired how he liked the bath—what was it like, &c. "Stunning, old fellows—never felt so comfortable in my life. Wish they'd get these kind of things in Australia." Our different mattresses were assigned to each of us, and one by one we were in turn undressed by a watery-looking "darkie," with only a scanty cloth round his waist.

Putting on my high "pattens" to prevent our falling on the slippery marble floor in the next apartment, we entered and were laid out on a marble bench, very much like the manner in

which the side of a fine Berkshire pig is laid out to be salted. I kicked off my pattens, thinking to walk with more freedom, but in the first step came down a tremendous fall on my back. Thus laid out we were lathered over from head to foot with soap, and when this was washed off the shampooing began. My nigger put on a flesh brush, and with this he rubbed me down, and literally raised the skin, which seemed to peel. I wriggled and writhed ; but no use, my tormentor stuck to his victim until every part of my body had been subjected to the process. The room was just pleasantly warm. After this operation I was led into another room, in which was a plunge bath with just the chill off, and after this to another plunge bath. By signs into this I was directed to jump. I noticed that a quantity of steamy vapour hovered over the water—however, in I went head-foremost, but rising, jumped out again with a yell, the whole body tingling as though thousands of pins and needles were being run into it. The fact is, this was a confoundedly hot affair, and I think the rascal must have made the water hotter than usual, for he stood grinning like a monkey while I was stamping about and giving him an occasional taste of bush vernacular—which fortunately he could not understand.

When dry he put a white linen sheet round

me and a turban on my head, and thus attired, I prepared to go back to my mattress, but just then I heard my friends approaching, who seeing me ready to leave, asked what it was like. "Splendid," said I, "and so comforting." I just waited to see the effect. They plunged in, rose gasping, and out again yelling like demons, and threatening me with condign punishment. They looked the colour of boiled lobsters. Reaching my mattress without any further novelty my tormentor proceeded to crack every joint in my fingers, toes, and then placing himself behind my back, expanded my chest until every bone seemed to break. Finally he used a ball of pumice stone to rub the soles of my feet. Human endurance could stand no more, so with a shout I sent him spinning along the floor. He good-naturedly returned, and wrapping me in a loose robe, with turban on head, he laid me down on the mattress, brought me some delicious Mocha coffee and a chibouque charged with Latakia, and left me to my meditations. A soft, balmy, and soothing feeling now stole over me, and I revelled in the most intense state of enjoyment. A stalwart Nubian was now introduced. He was jet black, with tremendously pronounced negro features. We felt somewhat disgusted to think this black man should go through the same course of ablutions



as ourselves, he was so ebony black—shiny as a crow's wing, he looked to want an awful lot of scrubbing. The contrast with our white skins was something ludicrous, but after all wasn't he a man and a brother! Exeter Hall go bathe alongside a Nubian! We had another bath after this, but henceforth carefully avoided all previous *contretemps experientia docet*. Our Turkish bath at Jerusalem was very similar to that at Cairo, although we only tried it once there, as perhaps from our not being able to speak the language, or probably from some misunderstanding of the signs, we were left in the vapour room alone, and expecting some one to call us, waited there until nearly suffocated. We could not walk, so had to crawl out on our hands and knees. The bath at Jerusalem was not so well conducted as the Cairo one, probably because the supply of water was not so good.

From the foregoing account it will be seen that the bath in Melbourne is conducted in a totally different manner; hot air, and drinking cold water to produce perspiration, being substituted for steam and hot water externally, while cold instead of hot water is used at the finish. The body is rubbed over with the palm of the hand instead of the flesh brush. In fact, to my mind, our so-called Turkish bath is too much Europeanised, and loses

much of its oriental character, and also much of its after comforting effect. Besides, one does not get the delicious coffee, the fragrant chibouque, and the same close attendance that is met with in the East. Nevertheless the bath as with us is a pleasant luxury, a good cleaner, and doubtless conduces to health. Care should be taken both in the East and elsewhere to *cool down* well after it before going out into the open air.





## CHAPTER XX.

### MOVING ON.

**W**E sailed for Malta in a French boat, all the English home steamers being full, owing to the arrival at Suez a few days before of two Indian steamers full of "through" passengers. The Messagerie Imperial ships were quite equal to the English steamers, scrupulously clean. On arrival at Malta we wended our way to Morrell's Hotel. We set off for a ride to Civita Vecchia the next morning, after a delicious breakfast of fresh strawberries and cream (we had found several other Australians at the hotel on our arrival). The day was fine, our horses good, and being fit for any excitement we raced all the way back, nearly riding down the Governor and his two daughters, whom we met near the citadel (and, by the bye, I did not present my letter of introduction after this). Again on

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board our French boat, next day at noon we saw Sicily in the distance, and as the sun was setting passed between Sardinia and Corsica, going so close to the latter that one could have thrown a biscuit on shore.

On reaching Marseilles we almost immediately left for Paris, and to the Hotel du Louvre, where we remained a day, and then *en route* again for Old England, *viâ* Calais. We had a horrible passage across the Channel, every one ill, even to the skipper; so bad indeed was this short passage, that though I had travelled thousands of miles across the seas, even *I* was ill.

On reaching London and Morley's Hotel I found my father and sister Mary, who had arrived in London from Melbourne, and my sister Fanny much better. We then all travelled together through England, visiting Liverpool, Carlisle, and other large towns, and the lake district, and then along the borders to Newcastle, returning to London *viâ* York, then starting again on a visit to the old home of our family in Sussex. In the fine old Tarring Church we saw the tablet put up in memory of my uncle, Thomas Henty, born in 1802, served at the battle of Algiers on board the *Minden*, and died in 1819 from a ruptured blood-vessel.

And then for a trip to the Isle of Wight.

We then crossed to France, and visited Paris,

Strasburg, Baden Baden, Heidelberg, Frankfurt, Mayence, down the Rhine to Cologne. Here an amusing thing happened. It was Sunday, and the day splendid. A drive was proposed, and the order given—"A carriage and pair in half an hour." In due time there rolled up to the door of the hotel a handsome equipage—coachman and footman in livery—both looking most important. The host full of importance, the waiters politely obsequious, the maids peering out of the upstairs windows, my father looking somewhat dubious as to what it could all mean, while we were delighted. Well, we got seated, crack, and off we went to see the beauties in and about Cologne. Presently bob went some women in a bunch, some troops presented arms, men took off their hats and caps, my sister Fanny and I bowed in return. Father first looked one way and then another, my sister Mary was crimson, when presently from pater—"Stop the carriage, hang the thing, there's something wrong with it, let us get out and walk, or else return at once." We did the latter, amidst more bowings, more curtsies, Fanny and I nearly apoplectic with restrained laughter. On reaching our hotel we looked at the panel of the carriage, and there, sure enough, was an immense coat of arms, emblazoned and surmounted by a grand ducal coronet.

Poor pater's mystification was great at what he thought appearing under false colours, while we gave full vent to our mirth in long-continued laughter, with now and then, "How could you," with an ill-suppressed smile from Mary.

From Cologne and other places we went to Antwerp and London by the Netherlands—together a most enjoyable trip. arriving at Woods' Hotel, Holborn. And though perhaps the site of this hostelry is now out of date, yet in my grandfather's time, in the old stage-coaching days, before steam was known, it ranked as one of the best hotels in London, and was the London terminus of the Brighton mail. Old Mr. Woods recognised my father's voice and likeness to my grandfather. I need hardly add that we enjoyed every comfort and attention while staying here. But being too far from our West End friends, we moved to Cambridge Terrace, where for a few weeks we remained.





## CHAPTER XXI.

### OUTWARD BOUND.

**M**Y father now occupied himself in purchasing cargo, &c., for his own ship, the *Frances Henty*, and when she was laden we bade adieu to all our kind friends and started for Plymouth, from which we intended to take our departure for Australia in her. While in Plymouth father and I were invited to dine with the naval officers, at their annual dinner, held in honour of the great day of Trafalgar. This was very interesting, especially when the older men, who had been in the battle, recounted the many and various anecdotes of occurrences which happened during that ever memorable event. When I timidly remarked, "Don't you think the French are building more warships than the English?" "All the better, my boy,"

said an old officer, "all the better ; only building 'em for us to take." All honour to the grand British tars. We visited our agent at his country house, where my sisters were instructed in the mysteries of making Devonshire cream. The *Frances Henty* arrived, and after taking plenty of live stock on board for future provision, in the shape of sheep, pigs, poultry, &c., and bidding Admiral and Mrs. Helpman and our other kind friends farewell, we set sail with every prospect of a fair and prosperous voyage before us. But man proposes and God disposes—never was this saying better exemplified than in our case. When crossing the Bay of Biscay a furious gale arose, but under proper storm sail we "lay to," and the ship rode over the raging billows like a seagull. We retired to rest as usual, when like a dream I heard our old Scotch skipper say to my father (who had the next cabin to me), "Mr. Henty, get up, there's something wrong wi' the ship." My father dressed and went on deck, but returning soon after, awoke me thoroughly and said, "Rich, get up, the ship is going down." The ship was waterlogged, and there was so little motion in consequence, that it was hard to believe there was such a raging sea running.

Meantime the carpenter went to see if there was anything wrong with the "sweetening tap,"



which,' for the purpose of letting in pure salt water in order to keep the bilge sweet, was placed low down aft. He had to pass through the lazarette, and in doing so, found that a "bull's eye" had burst partly open, through which the water was pouring in. Hastily closing this, and placing a bag of biscuits against it for temporary security, he rushed on deck and told his discovery. Meantime the mate had all the water casks on deck "stove in." On hearing the carpenter's report, my father ordered the men (who were getting mutinous) to the pumps, threatening to shoot any one who disobeyed. I was ordered to get a tub and mix in it three quarters rum and water, to serve out to the men occasionally—over this I stood guard. The poor old skipper had lost his head, and the mate was not much better, for he was about to lower the boats, which my father forbade—saying that no boats we had could live in such a sea. Once the men were fairly at work we went to take a hurried look at my two sleeping sisters. At that time we had little hope of escaping death, as the main chains were level with the water, and the sea was making a clean breach over the ship. Poor father said, "Shall I wake them?" "No, better let them die as they are, for they are innocent;" and so we returned to the deck.

Well, to make a long story short, at 7 P.M. the pumps "sucked," and the ship was once again free from water. The sailors just managed to utter a feeble cheer, and throwing their caps in the air, sank on the deck completely exhausted. It had been a long and trying day, as alternate hope and fear took possession of us. I must bear hearty tribute to the men, who, once they had a leader, did their duty right manfully. Early in the day, approaching an old salt at the wheel (and hailing from the West of England), I said, "Jack, what do you think of our chances?" Turning his quid in his cheek he said, "I've been shipwrecked twice afore, sir, but this is the closest fix I've ever been in." We had had a fearfully narrow escape, and deep was our thankfulness to God for our preservation. The ship was now headed back to Plymouth, and great was the astonishment of all our friends at seeing us back again, apparently in such good trim. Nor did this surprise cease until we had explained the whole case to them. The usual official inquiry was made, the cargo taken out, the damaged portion left behind; the ship then reloaded, and when all was ready we again set sail, and had a prosperous voyage to the Cape of Good Hope. A sad circumstance compelled us to put in there. My poor sister Mary was suddenly attacked with a short

hacking cough, and having no medical man on board, we put in for advice.

While at the Cape we visited one of the famous Constantia vineyards, Mr. Cloeté proprietor. My father bought several varieties of the wine—Pontac, Frontignac, Muscat, &c. After staying ten days, Dr. B—— saying we might safely proceed on our voyage, we sailed, and after a good run arrived in Holson's Bay, Victoria. But alas! my poor sister was in a dying state; we got home to Findon, where she died three days after, January 1859. I am the only surviving one of the four in our family who made that eventful voyage.





## CHAPTER XXII.

### *STATION LIFE.*

**S**OON after reaching home, on account of my health being still delicate, it was deemed advisable that I should go to the Riverina country, the climate being warmer and drier there. So the Walla Walla station was purchased on the Billabong Creek, with 3000 head of cattle, to which 1200 head of fine New England cattle were added subsequently. The country consisted of 140 square miles of open timbered country, with small plains, and richly clothed with kangaroo grass and herbs, fine grazing land for cattle, and as it proved also at a later period for sheep.

On the brow of the hill, with huge masses of granite rocks as a background, I had built a pretty villa residence with every comfort and convenience, and from this there was a commanding

view for several miles, over a whole sweep of timbered country, and small open plains in the valley with glimpses of the Billabong Creek, which wound along the centre of the run for twelve miles. In the distance was the range of the Tabletop Mountains. I had turned the old cottage into bachelor's quarters, and called it the barracks. A quaint little bower of a place, roomy though it was, being completely covered with honeysuckle, passion flower, roses, and other creepers, all matted together. This was our resort of an evening (after the ladies had retired) for a smoke or a yarn, and a very useful place I found it, for as there was no inn for several miles, many a traveller of better degree was glad of a night's hospitality on his way to the Murrumbidgee. Talking of travellers, half the charm of bush life in the Riverina was the friendly intercourse amongst the squatters, the visiting and the hospitality. A squatter would feel much offended if a visitor to the district stopped at or even spent a night at one of the wretched little bush inns, so few and far between, instead of at once driving to his comfortable station, where a kind welcome was always given. The squatters or station holders at this time there and all down the Billabong were a nice set of men of the true British type.

Life on a cattle station has many charms for

a young man. There is an independence, a sense of perfect freedom, a freshness and buoyancy about it which you may seek in vain in any other kind of existence. Not even the rover of the ocean can boast such a broad and exhilarating sense of expansive freedom as that of the stock rider on a large cattle station in the primeval wilds of the Australian bush. At early dawn he is called to his daily routine of varied duties by the clear warbling song of the "break o' day boys" (the Australian magpie) or the side-splitting merriment of the "laughing jackass," while parrots are chattering, the cockatoos screeching, and numberless finches and other birds are chirping and twittering round about. The morning pipe is lighted at the freshly kindled fire, then off to the paddock, to run the horses into the stockyard. This accomplished, and breakfast despatched, the horses are caught, rubbed down roughly, and saddled. The stock whips are handled, and perhaps fresh crackers put on, and then orders for the day are given. When there is a muster, notice is sent round to the neighbouring stations; consequently the night before the muster the homestead and huts present a scene of great animation. Squatters, visitors, stockmen, and others assisting, all smoking or talking and vying with each other "in yarns." Early on the morning of the

muster, the stockmen mount their horses, and separate in small parties to beat up the cattle on the run, and head them towards their camps, or more often drive them all to one main camp. Then, when assured to the best of their belief that all the cattle on that side of the run are collected, the word is given to drive them off towards the yards. The cattle are loth to leave the camp, and after much riding and "dodging" after refractory beasts, with much shouting and loud sounding reports of the long short-handled stock whips, a start is effected, and then in one huge mass, tailing out as it proceeds, and followed in rear and guarded on flanks by many active horsemen, the mob or head, with loud bellowing and lowing, proceed to the stock-yards. Here the scene becomes more exciting as the cattle make a determined "jib" at the gateway, through which they refuse to enter. Shouting and the crack of the stock-whips increase. Occasionally a bullock breaks away, and is hotly pursued by a stockman to head him back to the mob. Clouds of dust darken the air, here and there a cow dashes out of the thick cloud, only to be promptly headed back by the vigilant and active horseman. At last the leading cattle begin to draw through the gate, and soon all are safely enclosed in the yards. The hungry and begrimed squatters

and stockmen, &c., now seek the homestead and hut, unsaddle and turn their tired horses out into the paddock, take a plunge in the creek, and then, after a hearty dinner or supper, lounge lazily round, yarning and smoking, while the bright moon shines down from a cloudless but star begemmed sky, such as I have never seen in Northern latitudes. Next morning the cattle-drafting takes place. The "strangers" are handed to their owners, the fat cattle are set apart, the calves are marked and branded, and the herd is once again dismissed. The fat cattle are sent to market, having to travel some three hundred miles, as well as swim the rivers on their way. All this is changed now; cattle are kept in paddocks, fat cattle are "cut out" of the smaller mobs on the run, while the rivers are bridged, and better still, the railway now carries the stock to their destination. There was a piece of country near Walla Walla, called Wallandool, sometimes Urangeline, consisting of about one hundred square miles of rough country, included in the Walla Walla purchase. I set vigorously to work—mustered, branded, and marked the young stock, put up five miles of fencing to check the store-cattle from straying, built a small but pretty house, and laid out a garden. The position was high—a fine range of mountains rose in the distance, and



the view was very beautiful. My fat cattle sold for £7 each at the yard, and at this price the station was reckoned to turn in some £4000 a year. This was accomplished on Walla Walla alone.

To return to Wallandool.

This station had been abandoned by its former owner, Captain Macdonald, as unworkable and useless. I had it surveyed, and after a careful inspection of it, came to the conclusion that some eighty miles of it might be utilised as a summer run in connection with Moonbria. It was found that the Urangeline Creek ran through a good part of the run. There were also two other smaller creeks—the Wallandool and the Curriejong. There was some permanent water in the Wallandool Creek, but the two others were dry in summer. Operations to construct “dams” in these creeks were at once commenced. These dams proved to be most successful, and were the means of storing a splendid supply of water. Water, the great desideratum, being thus obtained, sites for sheep-yards were selected on different parts of the run. Yards were made, and a shepherd’s hut built at each, while three home-station huts were constructed, and also a shearing-shed. The home-station was formed on the Urangeline Creek. Sheep-yards were made at the

Wallandool Creek. These yards were shaped like a pear. From the narrow end a lane was added, about twelve feet in length, and just wide enough for one sheep to walk down at a time. At the end of this lane the wash-pens were arranged. In the yard near the end two small sub-divisions were made, starting from each side zigzag fashion, and having a narrow entrance, which, when required, could easily be closed with a handle. Sheep always run best round a point, far better than trying to make them go straight up a yard. Always try to avoid angles or corners when building a yard. Now my object in building a sheep-wash yard in this fashion was to see if I could not manage to get the sheep to jump into the water of their own accord, and I had the satisfaction to see my hope in this respect fully realised, for out of fifteen thousand sheep shorn that year, and twenty thousand the next, not one was thrown in, and the loss was nil. Mr. Robert M—— worked with me at the sheep-wash the first year. He came up to obtain some notion of “bush” and station life. A neighbour, P. Osborne, came over. He had heard of my plan with the sheep, but would not believe it, so came to satisfy himself. He came, saw, and was convinced. He had lost more than three hundred sheep that year by the method then in

use "of throwing them in." Just then the mail arrived from Melbourne. Amongst the letters was one from the secretary of the Melbourne Club, informing me that I had been elected a member—my name having been proposed by Mr. Justice Wrixon and seconded by the Chief Justice, Sir W. Stawell. I may mention here that my father was one of the founders of this club.

To show what can be done in working new country, this station realised me, after taking two clips of wool, seventeen thousand five hundred pounds sterling, with twelve thousand five hundred sheep.

Remember this country had been previously abandoned.





## CHAPTER XXIII.

### MATRIMONY.

**M**Y time for going to England for my marriage had now nearly come. I appointed a manager in my absence for Walla Walla, Wallandool, and Moonbria, while I had an excellent overseer in George Bates. So in March 1861 I took my passage in the P. & O. s.s. *Salsette* and steamed away to Suez for England *viâ* Egypt, Malta, Marseilles, Lyons, and Paris to London, arriving there on the 12th of April. On the voyage we coaled at Albany. Here I called on Mr. Campfield, Government Resident and brother of my aunt, Mrs. W. Henty. Our party on board the *Salsette* numbered about thirty-six, including ladies. The officers of the ship proved very pleasant fellows, and what with the morning tub, breakfast, cigars, sea-quoits and tiffin, cigars, sea-quoits again, single-

stick, boxing, reading, dinner, whist, and music, &c., our time passed merrily. We spent three days at Galle. Here we visited the coffee and nutmeg plantations, and were much struck with the cocoa-nut trees and the jack-fruit tree, with its large melon-shaped fruit; also the immense number of children who in a state of charming nature gambolled and played like kittens by the wayside. The heat was very great, and more unbearable than our Australian climate, being of a moist humid character, inducing copious perspiration. We were joined by a great many Indian officers and civilians, who occupied the chief saloon, we Australians being relegated to the second. This is all changed now, Australians and other first-class passengers being treated alike. We landed at Aden, where we called in to coal. We found the town a miserable place, and the country round bare to a degree. Arrived at Suez, we almost immediately were despatched to Cairo by train, and arrived at that city at about two o'clock in the morning, when we had much difficulty in obtaining accommodation. We managed this at last, and got something to eat, which was of more consequence, as we were well-nigh famished with hunger. Turkey buzzard was not a nice bird, but we ate him!

From Cairo and Alexandria by train, and

thence to Malta. Here I bought some jewellery and a tortoise-shell desk, &c. Then away to Marseilles and London as fast as steam would carry me.

Being anxious to get back to Victoria as soon as possible, my future wife's parents consented to an almost immediate marriage, and this took place on the 30th of April (a large company assembling for the occasion), at St. George's, Hanover Square. Mr. and Mrs. Childers and many other friends and relations of both families were present at the breakfast in Hanover Square. Mr. and Mrs. C——, passing the church at the time, and being told that an Australian was being married, entered and witnessed the ceremony. Singularly enough, they returned in the same ship with us to Victoria, and we became fast friends for many years. A carriage and four spanking greys took us to the station *en route* for Dover and Paris. Here the weather was so contrary to our expectations of May in Paris, snow falling, &c., that we returned after a fortnight to England, visiting our relations and friends in Sussex, the Isle of Wight, and other places, and spent a pleasant time with Mr. and Mrs. Childers in Princes Gardens before leaving England. In a few days we sailed from Plymouth in the *Result* (Capt. Cow), and after a good voyage of seventy-seven days, with pleasant

passengers and fine weather, anchored inside the Heads. News came that a great drought prevailed in the North, and fat cattle were down to £4 per head in Melbourne, damped the pleasure of my arrival. It is strange how those whom you think to be warm friends wound by your feelings some untoward remark ; but so it is. My friend B—— was no exception. The drought was still severe ; he said to me on landing, “Your sheep at Moonbria are dying fast.” Now I had sold through his agency 1300 young ewes at 13s. a head cash. When taking these sheep from the station to the Billabong, some twenty-two miles distant, across dry plains, the water failed in the cask, and the young man in charge went back to the nearest and only tank containing water for a supply, and while away on this errand the shepherd deserted the flock to look for his dog, which thus left made for a muddy swamp, that is, a swamp barely dry, and crowding into this, three hundred sheep were smothered.

A curious incident saved the remaining one thousand. When the cart with the water overtook the flock, the cask being leaky, the water trickled down under the cart, and the poor sheep crowded eagerly round to lick the moisture, pressing so much indeed that the cart had to move on, the sheep followed, and in one long line were gradually led on to the

creek, and were saved. This news caused me to start up at once, and my wife insisted upon going with me. I sent a horse and buggy by train to Lancefield Road, from which we had to drive, the railway then not extending further. We reached Castlemaine, thirty miles from Lancefield Road, that same evening; next day to Sandhurst, where we experienced one of the hottest days I ever remember. Here I was seized with a sudden illness, caused by my having remained too long in a cold swimming bath. After a heavy thunderstorm and deluge of rain, the air cooled, and we pushed on to Rochester, crossing the Campaspe after night-fall. Here we had a narrow escape, for there being no bridge, and not being able to see the ford, we were very nearly plunging into one of the deep holes on either side, in which case we must have inevitably been drowned. However, after much "coo-ee-ing" a man came down with a lantern, and guided us in the right direction. Next day we got to Echuca, on the Murray, crossed the river at Hopwood's Punt, and made for Red Bank for the night, and reached Deniliquin, on the Edwards River, next day, then on to Conargo on the Billabong, where we arrived that evening. As my place at Moonbria was not quite finished we drove to Coree station, and there I left my wife with my



kind friends the Mackinnons, while my friend and fellow ship-passenger on the *Result*, Henry Douglas, who wished to learn something of squatting life, went with me to Moonbria to help me to put the homestead into something like order. Meantime I had a long consultation with my overseer Bates, and the result was that I started five thousand fat sheep to market, and ten thousand ewes to the Yanko Creek, and thence up the Billabong to Wallandool. The fat sheep realised 15s. each, while the ewes reached their destination safely. I ought to have mentioned long since that on reaching England for my marriage my father's old courier, Henry Guye, a Swiss, found me at my wife's parents' house in Hanover Square, and begged to be engaged as our servant, so I at once agreed, and after travelling with us we brought him with us to Australia, and he remained with us several years, and proved a most valuable servant. To return. Having got the furniture arranged, &c., and the place put into some order, I brought my wife to the station; and now another trouble beset us—the water was exhausted. We had to cart water some thirty miles, and half of this water was mud. Our plan of cleansing it was to throw in salts and Boree ashes; we could scarcely afford water to wash with—nice experience for an English young lady, but my wife never complained. And so the long summer and

drought went on, and finding that nothing could be done at Moonbria till the winter rains set in, we started for Wallandool and Walla Walla, leaving my overseer's wife and her sons to take care of the station.

Driving a splendid pair of ponies we reached Wallandool on the second day, making sixty-five miles a day, and found all well there. We then pushed on to Walla Walla, for fifteen miles through our own country; and here for the first time since leaving Findon, in my wife's colonial experience, she found a comfortable and pretty home. We stayed some time at this station. Finding from the low prices that cattle were not paying, and that several cattleholders were failing, reminding me of the old stockmen's "yarns" when cattle stations were sold for a horse or a team of bullocks, and having plenty of sheep, I determined to sell my cattle at store prices, keeping only eight-hundred head in one large paddock. I sent all the fat cattle I could muster to Melbourne, and sold some 3000 at £2, 10s. on the station. The man who bought some of the cattle was hard in the extreme, and knowing him well as a sharp dealer, I insisted that the cattle should be counted over to him in the yards, which were quite large enough for the purpose, and delivery taken. This was done, and hence I had no more responsibility, but I promised him every

assistance. The heat was excessive. The cattle were mad for water ; still the buyer would not let the cattle out of the yard on account of its being Sunday. At last, holding him responsible, I had the rails taken down, and the poor maddened beasts struggled out and made straight for the creek. I sent my men to help to steady the cattle, but did not go myself, as I thought the buyer would try to repudiate the purchase. However, as the bellowing and roaring of the animals continued, I could stand quiet no longer, so walked through the horse paddock, crossed the outside fence, and walked towards a great noise I heard in the creek. The country consisted of very open forest of tall white gum trees, without a branch for many yards ; but overhanging the steep banks of the Billabong stood a mimosa tree. Upon reaching the edge of the bank I saw a cow up to the knees in water. She was in a furious rage, and upon seeing me at once charged. There was only one chance—to gain the mimosa between the cow and myself. I ran, sprang into the tree just as the cow struck the tree within an inch of my foot—a very close shave.

The cattle delivered, the money sent to the bank, we went down to Melbourne, where fresh troubles awaited me, brought about by the extravagance of others.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

### *FAMILY AFFAIRS.*

**W**HEN my sister Fanny married in 1859, my father, with the best intentions, but as events proved somewhat injudiciously, took my brother-in-law, S——, from his position of sub-inspector of police, and sold him Kaduoch and Buckle Cupple stations on the Glenelg for £25,000, being then much under their value. Of this sum S—— was allowed some years to pay off £20,000, the balance to form my sister's settlement, under proper covenant. Here was a rare chance for acquiring a fortune. Cold water washed wool realised 1s. 10d. per lb., while store sheep sold readily at from 10s. to 14s. per head. The natural increase was 90 per cent., or about 6000 lambs a year. The wool and surplus stock yielded a gross return of about £9000 annually, so that, after a liberal allowance

for expenses, in five years Kaduoch would have been more than cleared. Besides, the Buckle Cupple station was sold for £11,000 or more, another portion of the run was sold for £7000, and yet Kaduoch owed £30,000! The lease of the station was mortgaged to a commission firm in Melbourne for £15,000 of the above sum, another paddock with several thousand sheep for some £3000 to a firm in South Australia, and the balance unsecured to my father. Such was the state of things when we reached Findon from Walla Walla.

I was despatched to Kaduoch to take charge of the whole property in my father's name, and eject if possible the South Australian firm. I started by train to Ballarat, and then a long dreary journey by coach to Hamilton and Harrow. At the latter township I found Mr. Dugald Smith, who was about to start for Kaduoch, and who kindly gave me a seat in his buggy, and we duly arrived the same evening, to my brother-in-law's surprise. However, I strongly advised him to go to Melbourne without delay, to which he consented, and I had the coast clear, and none too soon, for I heard that O——'s men would take possession in the morning. I called the overseer, told him the law was on my side, and he agreed to help. I told him to pick out two men whom he could

trust, and to be ready to go out with me by daylight in the morning. This was done, and we arrived on the spot just as O——'s party were putting their tent and swags over the fence. I told my business, said that I would resist their occupation, and threatened that if they would not retire peaceably, I would eject them forcibly. After a time they agreed to go, but urged that they must make a feint at resistance. "All right." So I told my men to quietly lift O——'s agent over the fence, and then pitch their goods and chattels after him. This was done, and the party yoked up and returned whence they came. I then drove to Pine Hills, and after some conversation Mr E—— consented to become my father's partner by buying half Kaduoch for £15,000. I have mentioned the foregoing, because it was the true cause of all my troubles, as I shall proceed to show. My father, when he was elected a member of the Legislative Council of Victoria, left Portland and went to reside with his family in Melbourne. He was then worth £140,000. This, at 8 per cent., the price of money then, and for many years after, would yield an income of £11,000 a year. This happy state of things lulled me into security. I was told to go on working as independent of station property—I and my family would be well provided for. But *miserabile dictu*, I made one

great mistake, that is, worked for my family instead of ourselves—better for all, as the sequel proved, had I done the latter. But to go back to my narrative. After returning from Kaduoch, to my utter astonishment my father said one morning, “You must sell Walla Walla; I want the money.” I felt stunned. The stock consisted of 20,000 sheep, 800 cattle, and 40 horses, and all necessary station plant, and all in working order, a pretty homestead, &c. However, my father’s word was law, and I obeyed. I was forced to sell this fine property for £24,500—this sacrifice being the outcome of the gross mismanagement of Kaduoch; and I was sacrificed for the—to be lenient—follies of my brother-in-law. This forced sale for a time completely crushed me. Moonbria was still left. On this station the great drawback was the scarcity of water in summer, so I set to work vigorously and soon made up for this great deficiency. I had a kiln of bricks made in the form of segments of a circle, five inches in diameter. I then had a circular well sunk out in the plain, and lined it with these bricks. The diameter was 5 feet 4 inches, and I found very fair water at a depth of 83 feet, which yielded a supply sufficient for 5000 sheep. After this success I had two more wells sunk, and found an abundant supply of water

in each at 93 feet. These wells were lined with pine slabs—they were shouldered, centred, and battened. The water rose to 33 feet in each of the wells, and it was of excellent quality. The country was saved and made, water being the thing needed, as grass, herbage, and timber (the latter almost all pine) were abundant. I must mention that in each of these wells, a drainage (it could hardly be called a spring) of intensely salt water was met with. Upon going deeper, to about 80 feet, a spring of fresh pure water came in, but upon going through the second bed of marl, water fresh and pure rushed in, and rose some 33 feet in the wells, as above stated. From each well zinc troughing between pine logs was laid out on the plain, though in one instance a sloped drain was dug, and lined with pine logs. This answered best for watering cattle. The zinc overground troughs were fenced down the centre, to prevent the sheep putting in their feet, and so cutting the zinc, as well as muddying the water. A paddock of 200 acres was fenced close to the wells for the use of the whim horses. With the exception of the iron work the whims were made on the station, while the buckets, originally galvanised iron, were replaced with strong canvas buckets of 35 gallons. Self-acting trucks were used, which, by a simple



mechanical contrivance, were caused to be drawn under the full bucket after it reached the surface, and released from a catch by the descending empty bucket. By this means one man and two horses could supply 10,000 sheep a day with water, and thus save a great deal of labour and expense.

The run consisted of 63,000 acres. It was fenced in and subdivided by me (except part of one side) with posts and wire. One very heavy winter, when an unusual volume of rain had fallen, my overseer noticed that in one of the swamps the long silky grass inclined in one uniform direction. The next day the plough was got out, and at the lower end of the swamp we started ploughing, and continued as long as the water followed. After many twistings and turnings, sometimes almost returning to the starting point, we had the satisfaction to find the water flow away of its own accord into what we believed for the first time to be the silted up bed of an ancient river. The country is so flat to the eye that there really appeared no sign of any water-course at all. I at once set to work to get a dam built, taking the earth and clay from the inside; and to hurry the work I bought some "dobbins" at Echuca from the contractors who had just completed the railway to that town. This dam cost £180, but owing to

the flatness of the country the water was thrown back several miles, and for a long way over 100 yards wide. Wild fowl soon covered this water, so that I was never at a loss for game to supplement my beef and mutton. I now directed my overseer to turn a splendid lot of 10,080 young sheep out on this water. "You will lose a great many, sir," he said; but I knew they would never go far from the water, and they never did. They grew into grand sheep. Underground tanks, lined and covered with pine logs stripped of the bark, supplied pure cold water for the house and home stock. There was nothing more wanted—Moonbria in a year was in a paying state, with 32,000 fine sheep, 16,000 of which were fat, the climate was good, and I was more than satisfied.





## CHAPTER XXV.

### "BUSHRANGING."

**A**LTHOUGH we lived so far away from the more settled parts of the country, yet we were never molested by the notorious "bush-ranger" Morgan. At this time this man was the terror of the Upper Billabong. He commenced his bushranging tactics under the rôle of being the "swagman's" friend, and he caused it to be made known to me that I need not fear him, because I fed "the traveller." There was no especial merit in my doing this, however, nor do I think I did so more than my neighbours, for it was a pretty generally recognised custom throughout the country. But I was forming a new station in the backcountry, and being much in want of "labourers," I encouraged "travellers" to seek me. Many of

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these men were mere loafers or "sundowners"—fellows who didn't want work, but who sponged upon the settler for a night's lodging and supper.

The rogues would time their arrival at a station just at sundown, generally camping a mile or two away until the time came for most judiciously making their appearance, then walking up to the master with a (slight motion towards his forelock) "Got any work for a man, sir." "No." "Can I go to the hut, sir." "Yes" or "No" according to the frame of mind one might be in—mostly "Yes" though.

After Morgan had been pursued by the police his tactics changed, and the true ruffian appeared, though as far as I remember he never committed a cold-blooded murder. On one occasion, when hotly pursued by the police magistrate, he retired to his stronghold in the "roping poles." This was a small patch of country bordering on the Wallandool run, very thickly covered with tall straight gum saplings standing very closely together. It would be impossible to use the rifle with any chance of success in this dense forest of young trees, while a person hiding in it could always hear as well as see the approach of an intruder. Here Morgan had his camp, and where being hotly chased he retired. But almost immediately leaving his gunyah or hut he concealed himself

at a little distance in a spot from which he could obtain a clear view of the entrance to his dwelling. The police magistrate and his trooper cautiously made their way to the gunyah which they equally cautiously entered and found vacant. They felt certain that the bushranger was in the neighbourhood, and that he would surely return, when they could easily capture him. But Morgan was too old a bird to be caught so easily, and moreover his would-be captors now showed a great want of judgment. Night had closed in, and they most imprudently lighted a fire. A noise was heard outside, made by Morgan to attract their attention, and they both appeared at the door and looked out. Crack, crack from a revolver, and both fell badly wounded, while the bushranger decamped and was some sixty miles away next day.

After this he stuck up my old station, Wallandool. The overseer of this station was visiting one of the shepherd's huts on the Curriejong Creek. Entering the hut he saw a man lying down on the bunk. Mr. M'D—— called out, "What are you doing here? turn out of this." Instantly a loaded revolver was presented at his head, Morgan saying in his drawling voice, "Throw up your hands or I'll put daylight through you; bail up in that corner." M'D—— was powerless, and had to

obey. Morgan then bound him, and mounting his horse, led him to a post of the horse paddock fence, where he tied him securely. He then went to the station and came to the door. G——, the owner, had just sat down to his mid-day meal. Morgan said, "Can I have some tucker." "Oh yes, go to the kitchen and they'll give you some." G——, in telling me this story, said, "I didn't like the look of the fellow," so I turned my head round to see if my gun was within easy distance. It was loaded with ball, as I intended to shoot a bullock that evening for beef. On turning round again I saw a five-barrelled revolver close to my face, while I heard the words, "Oh no, Mr. G——, that game won't do. You bail up in that corner and keep quiet." "Well," said G——, "I had to do it, while the rascal, coolly placing a revolver on each side of his plate, sat down and ate my dinner." He then took my gun and bailed up two or three people I had on the place, took about £75 worth of property in the shape of horses, saddles, bridles, and rations, and then left in the afternoon, mounted his horse and took his departure, saying at the last moment, "Mr. G——, you had better look after that overseer of yours. He's tied to a corner post at the other end of the horse paddock, and I 'spect he's most dead by this." We next heard of this man at K——'s station,

on the Billabong, near the Piney Ranges township. The two K——'s were both young men. The elder was drafting horses in the stockyard when the bushranger rode quickly up and called out, "Bail up all you fellows in a row alongside that fence there." The men obeyed, but K—— turned fiercely round and shouted, "Hand over one of those pistols and fight me fair." "No, no, that don't suit me. Bail up, or I'll put a bullet through you." No help for it. "Bail up, and he had to." K——'s brother, hearing something unusual going on, now came out of the station hut, and had only half showed himself round the corner, when Morgan's quick eye saw and immediately covered him with a revolver, calling out at the same time, "Come on there and bail up alongside those men." At this time Morgan had a mate with him called the Sydney native. Placing this man on guard he appropriated a couple of the best horses, destroyed firearms and ammunition he found in the hut, and then rode off. Proceeding up the Billabong Creek he stuck up Gibson's shed—shearing was in full operation at the time. It was said that the bushranger had some special grudge against the overseer, Smith. At all events he was called out of the yard and made to kneel down as if for instant death. As Morgan approached nearer to put his threat into execution, Mrs.

Smith, who for the first time saw her husband in danger, dashed forward, and screaming loudly "Shoot me, shoot me, not him," threw herself upon her husband's neck. Morgan, with an oath, told Smith to clear out of his sight or he would shoot him. After making poor Gibson, the owner, sign cheques for all the men, and one large one for himself, the bushranger rode off. They next attacked my old Walla Walla station on the Billabong. Here they ransacked the house, made Stett give each of the men in the place and in the shed half a pound of tobacco, and departed for Round Hill station, about ten miles from Walla Walla. Here Morgan came by himself. The manager, Mr. W——, was at home, and several of the men ; also young Mr. Herriot from the neighbouring station of Caratobola. As usual all here were threatened that if any offered resistance they would be shot. I ought to mention that the men generally refused to assist in any way to capture the outlaw, and this perhaps made him more venturesome. Taking the manager of Round Hill into the house he ordered all firearms to be produced. He then coolly refreshed himself, partaking freely of some gin which he found in the cupboard. He then went back to the yard with the manager and ordered a fine imported horse to be brought out and saddled, saying



he would borrow him for a roadster, &c. However, it ended in Morgan shooting and seriously wounding young Herriot in the leg. Of course stories and adventures about him were rife; nor can I vouch for the truth of all I have written on the subject, being only hearsay. Suffice it that station after station was pillaged by this ruffian, who shot, assaulted, or threatened the inmates without mercy; and strange to say the police generally appeared on the scene just after Morgan had left it—no doubt his many scouts having given him timely notice of their arrival in the district. He twice visited Moonbria—once to supply himself with stores, which he paid for, and after a chat with my overseer left, though at the time Bates did not know who his notorious visitor was. I was absent at the time.

One story I heard which I believe to be true. After visiting my station, next day Morgan met the manager of another station on his run. The manager rode with him a short distance, when the former suddenly exclaimed, "By Jove, where did you get that horse from; he's got my brand on?" "Ah, just you tumble off your nag, or I'll put daylight through your carcass," said the bushranger, pointing a loaded revolver at his head. The argument was unanswerable, so B—— had to dismount. "Now,"

continued Morgan, "pull off your clothes, all of them." This was done, and B—— stood *nuda veritas*. The day was scorching hot. "Now, make tracks for home," and off started poor B—— to walk nine miles in the broiling sun! Morgan was getting æsthetic in his tastes.

*Enfin*, as the French say. His day being now nearly run, pressed by the police on all sides and almost worn out by constant watching and long journeys, the outlaw betook himself across the Murray into Victoria, where a few miles from the river he stuck up a station—*his last*. I heard that he assembled the people in one room and made the daughters of the house play the piano during the night. Next morning he was proceeding to the stockyard, walking between the owner and an unarmed neighbour who had called, holding a loaded revolver in each hand, when one of the station men, armed with a gun, took aim at him at about forty yards distance, and pulling the trigger shot the noted outlaw dead with a bullet through his back.





## CHAPTER XXVI.

### *A TRIP TO WOOD'S POINT.*

**A**T this time great excitement was caused in Melbourne by the wonderful reports of the very rich gold-bearing reefs discovered at Wood's Point, situated upon the mountains to the north-east of Victoria. Many of my friends determined to go up, and I, with three of them, formed a party to visit the new gold-field, provided with warm clothing and strong boots, as most, in fact nearly all our travelling after reaching the Point would have to be accomplished on foot.

We started in one of Cobb & Co's. famous coaches, drawn by four good horses, and driven by an experienced "whip," a pleasant fellow full of Yankee drollery. The route led us along the Sydney Road *via* Kilmore, Broadford,

Seymour (where we crossed the fine river Goulbourn), Avenel, to Longford, thence we left the main road to Mansfield, and from here to Wood's Point *viâ* Jamieson. The Jamieson river is a fine clear flowing stream. This was a long roundabout way to reach the Point from Melbourne. There is a much nearer way by the Upper Yarra, but this track was not then deemed to be very practicable. From the Jamieson all goods had to be forwarded on pack-horses, as the track wound round and over high hills and mountains impassable for wheeled vehicles. For a new chum in such country riding was anything but pleasant. We arrived at Wood's Point after dark, and took up our quarters at Foos' Hotel. Next morning, lighting my pipe, I went out to take a quiet survey of all the surroundings. Certainly to one who had lived in a level country all his life the view was very novel, very interesting, and somewhat grand. The town is built at the foot of a mountain, or rather in a narrow valley, through the centre of which a mountain stream trickles gently down in summer, or rushes madly headlong in its course after the heavy rains of winter. Rising abruptly on the other side towers another mountain. The air was fresh, but not cold, while miners, prospectors, speculators, tourists,

and others were coming and going, many bringing much-prized samples of golden quartz for inspection. Mint juleps and gin-cocktails were much in request. Presently a rough-looking fellow in jack-boots, corduroys, striped shirt, and slouched wide-awake, came negligently towards me, and expectorating an accumulation of nicotine, said, "Mister, mayhap you'd like to hev a look at this trifle," holding out for inspection a piece of quartz thickly studded with gold. I looked at it, and then said, "A fine specimen. Much where it comes from?"

"Thousands o' tons," said he excitedly.

"Ah," I replied, "I'm not a buyer."

"Not a buyer! Then what in thunder fetched yer here?"

Though I had never had anything to do with mining in any shape, yet I instinctively felt that this man was one of a rather numerous class who do not scruple to "salt" mines, and mark the unwary new chum for his prey. I determined to wait and watch, or to visit some of the dividend-paying mines, and inspect the surrounding country for myself.

"Well! by Jove, it's Henty, by all that's glorious," cried a well-known voice, and turning, shook hands with my old friend and double, Brooke Smith, alas now gone to his long home. I say double, for we were often taken for each

other, though when standing side by side all similitude vanished. Many curious mistakes arose at various times from this fancied resemblance. Once when on one very hot day in Melbourne, sitting at one of the small tables in the Café de Paris, then kept by Spiers & Pond, and sipping Sauterne with Tommy Walters and the witty, clever barrister Aaspinall (now no more), a friend of the two came in and joined us. Then a thwack on my back, and "How are ye? And how did ye lave thim at the station? Ah, that was a rare evening we had when we met last time in town. Troth, ye were a devil for the ladies—God bless 'em! Well! how has the world used ye, or rather the chief? Got your promotion? But, shure ye must have, for ye've grown stouter than when we last met—and feaks! grown a beard too—but, why—hang it, I'm not mistaken—it is Smith, isn't it? Bedad, I'm doubtful!"

My new friend talked so fast that there was no getting in a word edgeways; but at this juncture, Aasp said, "Fill up your glass, old fellow. This weather is hot enough to make a man drink the Yarra dry." At last, after quaffing his wine, my new acquaintance asked, poking my ribs the while, "Sly dog, how goes the siege? Right, I'll be bound;" but at this point I could hold my laughter no longer,

and all but the new comer joining, loud and long did the laughter continue, while my new friend looked from one to the other in blank amazement. At last, pulling himself together, his face flushing scarlet, he said, "Surely ye must be poking fun at me. What's the matther?"

Then I spoke—"Sir, I am Henty, and being often taken for Brooke Smith, your mistake is easily accounted for."

He now joined heartily in the laughter. At last, after recovering breath, he gasped out, "'Pon me honour, it's a good joke, but me own fault intirely, so let's have another bottle of the wine."

The next time I saw Brooke I said, "Heads I win, tails you lose," tossing up a coin. "What do you mean." "Why, either you or I must shave his beard off, because now we are so often taken for each other." Smith being a bachelor, this course was absolutely necessary. We tossed and I won, so poor Smith went to his hairdresser and had his fine beard removed.

To return. The next man I met was a gay, pleasant son of Erin—W. Butler, warden of the district. In his joyful exuberance of spirits on seeing me, he seized me by the arm and half dragged me down to "Daddy Knox's" store, there to introduce me to "Daddy" himself—a portly, kind, genial man, who had been

a squatter or sheep-owner, but through a long drought had, like many other good fellows, come down. He came to the Point and opened a general store. Amongst the miscellaneous articles comprising his stock were some boxing gloves hanging from a peg. These Master Walter saw, and quickly putting on a pair gave me a "dab" on the cheek, which sent me crashing against a table covered with gimcracks. The table was capsized, and all the gems in glass and other things were sent flying about the place. Putting on a pair of gloves a good set-to took place, much to the damage of "Daddy's" goods, who kept vociferating, "For God's sake, boys—hang it, there goes more crockery; stop, or I'm a ruined man." Well, after pummelling each other to our mutual satisfaction, we hastened to place "Daddy's" little tables on their legs again, and restored some of the effects; then paying for damages, we adjourned to a neighbouring café, kept by a captivating widow, aided by a charming assistant.

But to continue my story—these reminiscences sadly interrupt. Next morning I was asked to go down over the mountains to Gaffneys Creek, about fourteen miles distant from the Point. We all went and formed a merry party. It was a tiresome walk, good for the lungs, bad for the legs. After climbing and



descending hill after hill, crossing creeks over fallen trees, and narrow gullies by the same means, sometimes on our hands and knees (for to fall would be destruction, the depth being at times so great), we at length reached the township called Gaffney. The houses of this little place are built of sawn timber, furnished by the magnificent mountain ash, a species of eucalyptus, which reaches gigantic proportions in these mountain solitudes, and the wood of which splits like matchwood. I saw one of these trees the diameter of which would admit three ordinary bullock drays to traverse the trunk side by side for a great many feet. Yet even this size, I was told, was far surpassed. On reaching Gaffney's Creek I fell into good hands, being heartily welcomed by the proprietors of the hostelry—old and much esteemed servants of my sisters in the West of Victoria, on the river Glenelg.

We invested in several mines here, and feeling sure that we were on the right "lay" determined to take up a building lease, erect a hut, and make a comfortable temporary home for my companions, who determined to remain to watch over our joint interests. We picked out a spot, somewhat difficult of access on account of the many excavations, called locally paddocks, made by the miners in their search for

gold. This difficulty of approach, and then only after dark, was compensated for by a snow-fed rivulet trickling by, from which pure sweet water could be readily obtained. This spot we called "Paradise Point," and our hut "Paradise Villa." Prospecting from this spot we came upon four men who had just opened out a reef which literally teemed with gold. One specimen I obtained was composed of pure crystal cubes of quartz, in the centre of which was a pure nugget of virgin gold, valued at the bank at four pounds the ounce. We bought into this claim and agreed to tunnel the hill. The venture turned out badly. The men lost their labour and we our money. The quartz on the top of the hill proved to be only what is generally known amongst quartz miners as a "blow up."

Leaving my friends, I returned to Wood's Point, and the day after arrival there went with a large party to visit the "All Nations" claim at Matloch, then called Emerald Hill, why I never could ascertain, as this hamlet was perched upon a projecting point of the mountain with nothing green around, save the lofty tops of the mountain ash and the sombre hue of the surrounding scrub. Ascending from the valley, which was warm and pleasant, we soon reached a colder temperature, and here half way up an amusing incident happened. We met a

mounted constable coming down in charge of a prisoner. The former touched his cap to me and said, "Sir, I've the prisoner ; what shall I do with him until his honour the warden comes?" Guessing at once that he took me for Brooke Smith, inspector of police, I said, though with difficulty preserving my gravity, "Put him in the lock-up, sergeant," and at once moved on. Well, I was away for two days, and the unfortunate man was put into prison for twenty-four hours. On my return, Smith rushed up to me in a tremendous state of excitement (he was rather excitable), crying out, "You have ruined me, you have ruined me ; you have caused an innocent man to be put in jail, for the constable took you for me, and now I shall lose my billet."

"Nonsense, old fellow," said I, "where's the man?"

"Here I am, sir," and up stepped a big fellow six feet in his stockings, and huge enough to throw a horse.

"Well, my man, it was a good joke, and the devil himself couldn't have helped it. Didn't expect to have been away so long though. Hope you didn't suffer much inconvenience. I won't offer you any compensation, but come with your friends and have a 'nip.'" He burst out into a hearty fit of laughter, and shook my hand. We had our "nip," and then finished

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up the evening with a dance, and, credit it all, ye sweethearts, there was not a single petticoat present—only an assembly of stalwart hard-working miners dancing the polka with each other, most gravely, but with perfect enjoyment! Petticoat, said I? My faith, there was not one of those rude, hirsute miners but worshipped the ground upon which a girl trod in that out-of-the-way district. Well, ye young dandies, who “do” the block in Collins’ Street, would that you were one half as chivalrous as those rough but true-hearted men. I found these men the same in all my wanderings over the mountains—hospitable and hearty. If you came to a hut away in the wilderness amid the “big hills,” you could approach without hesitation, and upon asking the question, “Any tucker, mate?” “Yes, boys, ye’re welcome to share what we’ve got;” and soon some rashers or cold salt beef and smiling boiled potatoes were on the rude table, and “Eat away and welcome” from the host. Snow-capped mountains and frosty keen air gave us appetites that would have moved with envy many a portly alderman. The scenery here is grandly magnificent—mountain after mountain, the one towering above the other, until all are overtopped by old “Baw-Baw,” whose hoary, snow-topped head seems to look down upon the surrounding

mountains in calm, benign composure. Added to this, the patches of snow, dotting the sides of all the higher mountains, and contrasting sharply with the dark foliage around, and the murmuring of the streams as the water rippled down the rugged sides of the hills into the valley below, with the pure blue sky above, made up a scene of grandeur and beauty and pleasing sound. Remember that this kind of scenery was new to me, and therefore impressed me the more. It was thus rambling about that I made the acquaintance of many of the miners—not the so-called miners, men loafing about the hotels, primed with tempting-looking specimens wherewith to decoy and entrap the unwary, but honest, hard-working men, who firmly believed that the gullies and mountains teemed with the precious metal, and that to find it only needed strong thews and sinews, combined with perseverance, prudence, and hard work. Very, very few succeeded, for though good reefs were struck, capital was required to obtain machinery and get it on the spot—a most difficult matter to accomplish amongst those big hills, many of which were almost inaccessible.

We made our first trip to Emerald Hill. The day was glorious, and we trudged along merrily, with many a joke and song. On

reaching the town we refreshed, and then followed tracks leading to various claims. No business resulted, so returning to the hill rather late and very tired, we dined heartily, and then "turned in." The buildings being constructed of sawn timber, and the one we were in being new, permitted the keen frosty air to penetrate, and this being warmed by the heat of our bodies, caused a small fog or mist to rise, which soon damped our blankets, and added to this the cold was intense. We tumbled out of our beds and determined to hark back to Wood's Point, although it was now pitch dark, the track bad, over mountain country, and the distance over three miles. Bottles were obtained (no lack of these in this place, I warrant you). The bottoms, wetted and heated by the fire, were easily removed, and with lighted candles stuck inside in the necks to serve as lamps, we started, and after a long stumbling walk along the bush track found ourselves, with some rents in our clothes, and abrasions of the skin upon the knees, once again back at the Point. We put up at the first inn we came to, refreshed, turned in, and found rest. Another visit to Gaffney's Creek to hold a consultation with my partners about future investments and present plans. They said they had gone as far as they thought prudent, that

they would stay content, and wait for and watch over our joint investments. Bidding them adieu I started to walk back to Wood's Point, fourteen miles, accompanied by Pat Kennedy, of whom more anon.

At the Point I met M'Dermott, a large shareholder in the All Nation's mine. He urged me to buy one hundred shares in this at £12 per share. To satisfy myself, I agreed to make one of a party to visit the claim next day. Poor old Judd was with us, also Harrison of the bank, both now dead, a German named Hauffman, M'Dermott, Villeneuve Smith, and myself, formed the party. Plenty of snow everywhere, so snowballing was indulged in amidst hearty laughter. This was my first experience at this kind of game. We soon turned off the track leading to Emerald Hill and descended the mountain by a track through the dense scrub, which was impenetrable on either side. Laughing and joking like schoolboys we suddenly heard a shout, "Look out there!" and turning, saw half a dozen wild-looking bullocks dashing along down the track within thirty yards of us. Some of our party threw themselves down flat on each side; I got half behind a tree; while old Judd flourished a mighty red bandana, then took to his heels, tripped, and fell headlong. The pace at which the bullocks came on carried

them over the prostrate little man, without, however, doing him any bodily harm, though his mental disturbance was very great. He was a great snuff-taker, and his box of Prince's Mixture, or Irish Blackguard, soon got emptied that day (this unusual indulgence doubtless to calm his much-shaken nerves, aided by whisky, the latter proving the best restorer, I fancy).

The All Nations claim is situated at the head of a gully on the bank of a mountain creek. I entered the mine, and using a mining pick knocked out a piece of quartz thickly impregnated with gold. Putting this in my pocket I returned to the surface and examined the heap of stone already at "grass" and stacked. Gold showed freely throughout. After a pleasant day, spent by all in the happiest manner, we returned to the Point, and I put up at M'Dermott's hut for the night. Next morning I agreed to purchase one hundred All Nations shares at nine pounds sterling each. I then went to the bank, and handed my specimen over to be valued—the value to be placed to the credit of the company. The same day I was appointed a director in the company, and the same evening we held a meeting. It appeared that the first crushing of one hundred tons of stone did not realise the expectations of the shareholders, while after the



crushing the cradle men and "fossickers," generally working down the creek, were getting excellent returns. The cause of this became clear. The gold that should have been saved in the ripple tables of the battery had been lost and carried into the creek—lost to the All Nations, but saved by the cradle men or sluicers. I suggested that the incline of the ripple tables was too great, and that they should be graded to half the present fall. Also that some thirty feet of blanketing should be extended from the end of the tables; while another suggested that the water used, being almost as cold as snow water, materially prevented the proper amalgamation of the gold with the quicksilver; also that the water flowing into the stamper boxes should be heated in some way. All these suggestions found favour. The two first were easily carried out; the latter was achieved by laying an iron pipe horizontally in front of the stamper boxes, over which the water must pass. This considerably lessened the coldness of the water. Be this as it may, the next crushing of stone yielded thirty-three and a half ounces to the ton, instead of only three and a half ounces as at the first crushing. I received a cheque for £500 for my share, and fourteen shares sold at sixty pounds each, paid for all my invest-

ments and expenses, leaving me eighty-six shares in the All Nations clear. I was now chosen one of five directors who were to sit in Melbourne. We entered into negotiations for the purchase of the crushing machinery, building sites, water-rights, &c., for the sum of six thousand pounds—a long price to give; but the company was entirely in the hands of owners of the battery, with the sites and rights named, and considering the immense expense incurred in getting the machinery to the ground—each piece having to be brought separately on horseback along bridle tracks and over high hills, almost mountains—we determined to close. The bank acted very generously, and advanced the money upon our joint credit. The proceeds from the mine soon paid off the loan. The reef now began to open out larger and larger, and soon measured twenty-four feet. The yield per ton dwindled down from ounces to pennyweights, and although the yield is still payable, the old glory of the mine has departed. I sold my remaining shares at from £25 to £60 each, and most of my other investments at fair prices, so that my Wood's Point trip proved a fortunate one—in fact, as good as my clip of wool from Moonbria that year. It was pure luck, for I knew nothing of gold mining.

Pat Kennedy was mentioned a little way back.

Pat was an open-faced, blue-eyed fellow, with tawny, crisply-curling short hair, of middle height, and well-set active frame. He had champagned away all his money, and was preparing to set out for fresh fields and gold-fields new. I stood smoking in front of the inn, while he at a little distance eyed me for some time, doubtless calculating how much gullibility he could detect in my countenance, and how he could use the "blarney" and how apply it, in what quantity and in what form. But he took the right course, at least with me. He finally approached me and said—

"Master, I'm cleaned out; but if you will lend me ten pounds, I'll hump my swag to-morrow morning and make for the Crooked River, and prospect there on 'joint account.'"

Now this might seem consummate impudence on his part, but I liked his looks—there was something honest in his face and eyes, so after some slight hesitation I agreed. True to his word he was off next morning, and I heard no more of him for some weeks. At last one morning, on stepping from my father's office in Collins' Street, a man put a much crumpled letter into my hand. Opening this I found it came from Pat. It was cheering, though I anticipated a postscript. The contents were good. "I have found a reef, and registered half in your name.

I have called it the Alexandra. Me and my mate came across another, showing gold freely. My mate claimed half, so I could only register your name for one fourth; we called it the Victoria. *P.S.*—Would you kindly send me twenty pounds.” I knew it, but what could I do? The half of one reef, and fourth of another, the “stone of which showed gold freely.” “Pat, I fear you are an enthusiast, and therefore a nuisance, nevertheless there’s the £20.” Well, I was amply repaid, for my one-fourth in the last reef realised me £800. I have written the above account of my mining to show that there are great risks—some profits to those who are lucky, but more losses. It is a most precarious game, and I strongly advise my readers to keep clear of it.

To one who had lived in the lowlands all his life, especially to me accustomed of late to the country of the “Old Man Plain” of the Murrumbidgee district, the mountain scenery round Wood’s Point looked very grand and beautiful, the novelty of the snow adding to the charm. We were like schoolboys when amongst the snow, and putting all business aside, snow-balling each other became the order of the day. After a hearty meal one day at Emerald Hill—and by the way we were always ready for this, the crisp bracing air creating ravenous appetites

—Mr. Pendlebury rode up. He was a stout man, inspector of a bank (comfortable position), and could not trust “shank’s pony” over the mountains, though infinitely safer than trusting to horse-flesh, in our opinion—more expensive certainly, and perhaps more dignified. We three—Montgomery, Villeneuve Smith, and myself—laid him a small wager that we on foot would reach the Point, three miles distant, before him on horseback. For some distance the track was cut through a dense scrub, impenetrable on either side, and by running three abreast we just filled this lane. We knew that P—— could not well ride over us, so we trotted along side by side, and thus kept him in the rear. On reaching more open country he passed us, and as ill luck would have it, we met a party of miners and one Chinaman who squared his carrying pole across our path to bar our way. M—— grasped this, and giving it a twist, threw Johnny on the ground, and himself too, where he sat utterly exhausted and out of the running, while S—— and I pushed on. Reaching the brow of the mountain, we saw P—— one-third of the way down. As he had to travel zig-zag, our only chance was to go down straight. We started, and once under way there was no stopping, all we could do being to steady ourselves by touching a sapling or small tree on

our way. We passed P—— and got down safely—fifty yards more and our goal would be reached. We heard P—— thundering along behind us. S—— caught his foot in a root and made due acquaintance with mother earth ; while I, more fortunate, staggered into the hotel a few yards ahead of P——. It was a strange kind of race, but a most exciting one.

Walter Butler, warden of the district of Wood's Point, was a wild, merry Irishman, and a capital companion. He invited me to ride with him to Jericho on the Jordan (not of Palestine). The track led over mountains and through scrubs, and in fact was very rough. The finish down the last mountain into Jericho was by a narrow pathway which only permitted one horse and his rider to travel at a time. B—— proposed that we should race to the village with the ancient name, and I, nothing loth, assented. Now, whichever got to the last narrow path first must win, as two could not go down it abreast. Off! up and along and down the mountain, through scrubs, onward we travelled, each of us alternately ahead and behind. B——'s horse tripped, and I shot past and gained the path down, and so got to the goal—the police barracks in the town—first. It was a rare rough-and-tumble race all through, and one not to be easily matched. No crowds to look on, no bright eyes from ladies

to urge us on, but "Hold up, my lad," "Arrah! keep your pins," floundering, splashing, jumping logs, &c., we pushed on. ■

We walked our horses down the last "pinch." It was rather too risky to go faster, as a trip meant a fall of many feet, affording probably a case either for the doctor or the sexton. B——'s servant (a regular Micky Free) had charge of his apartments at the barracks. He said to me, "I'll vow that rascal Mick is wearing my best clothes this blessed minute." Sure enough, when we reached the barracks, and getting in through the window, we found Master Mick, dressed in his master's best, sleeping on his bed, with the kitchen utensils strewed over the floor! Poor B——'s rage was unbounded. He packed Micky off to the lock-up, and then, after despatching his business with the sergeant, we returned to the Point. My time had now come for leaving this somewhat romantic spot, and this proved to me my last visit to it. I started with Inspector Smith for Gaffney's Creek, where I found my Paradise Villa friends, Ludlow Montgomery and Cox, also my brother-in-law, S——. Being anxious to start Melbournwards next day, my friends determined to "wet" (christen) the villa, so we all assembled, including a bank accountant, A——, in the evening to supper, after which, round a huge bowl of

nectar (champagne-cup), brewed by S——, we proposed to make merry. There were two miners with us, our mates in a claim. Songs and yarns followed in rapid succession, and as bowl after bowl was emptied, fast and furious grew the fun. At last we broke up. A—— started first. As before mentioned, the approach to our villa was by an intricate path through the paddocks (excavations made by miners in search of gold), and at nighttime very difficult to traverse, especially after a night of conviviality. Our two mining friends left soon after, while we turned in. In a few minutes one of them came back and in a half unintelligible chuckle said, "Mr. Sh, Mr. Sh, there's a mansh in the paddock." "Be off, Jim, or I'll break your head." Jim went away chuckling; soon he returned and called me in the same way, when I threatened to throw my boot at him. He again retreated chuckling; once more he came back, when he spoke more plainly, and we understood that a man had fallen down one of the paddocks. We quickly turned out with lights, and following Jim came to a paddock, from the bottom of which we heard groans. Good Heavens! then there was some one there! Hastily descending to the entrance, which was about as wide as a wheelbarrow, we entered and found our poor friend A—— crouched in the corner, the picture



of misery. By a miracle no bones were broken, but he was horribly bruised and scratched. We got him out, took him to the villa, dressed his wounds, gave him some punch, and put him to bed. It appears that in the darkness, caused by a temporary eclipse of the moon by a passing cloud, he stepped over the edge of the hole and fell to the bottom, a depth of twenty-three feet ! A—— told us he knew the way well, and as it was a fine moonlight night, we had no fears for him. In a few days he quite recovered. The remainder of our night passed peaceably. Next morning early I prepared to start for the Goulbourn River, distant about thirty-five miles.

The day previously a young bride and her husband arrived at Gaffney's Creek, and it was suggested that it would suit both parties if I took her hired horse and ride instead of walk the distance, although I should have to sit on a side saddle. This was arranged, and so bidding adieu to my friends, with my valise, flask, and lunch, I started riding lady-fashion. We ascended the mountain, but when near the top, and at the sharpest pinch, my saddle slipped over the horse's hindquarters to earth, where we lay in a bundle. He must have been used to this sort of thing, for he stood still, never offering either to kick or bolt. I improvised

a breastplate with one of the girths, and so thought to secure myself from a similar accident. Saddling again, I made another start, but in going down the other side of the mountain, saddle and self slipped clean over the horse's head, giving me a heavy fall. Being well supplied with saddle straps, a crupper was soon made, and now perfectly safe from falling either fore or aft, another start, and without further mishap or accident reached the river, and unsaddling, turned my horse loose, and entered the large log house, kept by a genial Irish-woman, and frequented by numerous packers, who conveyed goods to the diggings — a rough, hardy, but kindly set of men. After a hearty supper I turned in, and slept the sleep of the weary. I was taken for a member of the assembly, and received an extra degree of attention. The roads being in a horribly bad state, I was waited upon by a sort of deputation, with a request that I would use my influence in parliament to get these improved, and "Shure yer honour's glory, we'll bless yer honour for iver." About two miles distant there was a shanty, from which the coach started for Melbourne *viâ* the township of Yea, down the Goulbourn, and as the coach left at daylight, I went over and camped there for the night. I slept, or rather dozed, with my loaded revolver under my valise, for

there were two ugly-looking customers in the hut whose looks were not reassuring. Next morning we started, reached Yea safely, in time to dine off a huge sirloin of beef with grand potatoes, &c. Dinner nearly over, two ruffianly-looking fellows walked in, sat down, and soon began to be generally abusive. I went for the police, whom I found in no small state of excitement. It appears they had just heard of a robbery having been only yesterday committed up the river. "Come with me," said I, "your birds are not far distant, or I am mistaken; in any case I want you" (I was a justice of the peace); "and bring your handcuffs." Well, they came, and looking in at the door of the eating-room, they made a rush, and had the irons on the two fellows in a moment. These two men were tried, convicted, and being old offenders, were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. No further incidents worth mentioning occurred for the remainder of the journey to Melbourne. I omitted to mention that at Gaffney's Creek I was struck with the ingenious manner in which the miners conducted the water in narrow channels round about the hills, across narrow gullies and deep creeks to the different batteries. I saw numerous silver trout (native trout) in these channels. The excitement at the Point has now (1885) subsided, and I fancy that our

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old-time fervid anticipations of its future glory have not been realised. That there is gold, and in quantity in the district, there can be but little doubt, but the cost—nay, almost impossibility to make it pay—of getting machinery up to work the reefs must for many a year, until greater facilities for cheap transit are afforded, prove a barrier to success.





## CHAPTER XXVII.

### *VOLUNTEERS.*

**I**T was at Wood's Point that I met Throgmorton. I found him sitting on the ground with a large bag full of quartz specimens between his knees. I regarded him attentively for some time. He was wholly engrossed in critically examining his specimens. We soon recognised each other. His hopes of future good fortune were high. Alas! these hopes were never realised, and I fear that his losses at the Point helped much to break down his cheery, hearty spirit. Either as a staunch companion or excellent fellow-traveller, brimful of pleasant yarns, smart sayings, and fun generally, he could not be surpassed; while on the tented field, dispensing hospitalities, who that once shared in these can ever forget him? How well I remember the first time I saw him, when camped at the Werribee

in the Easter time of 1862 (where several thousand volunteers were camped). After the storm which sent our tents flying, and exposing us all to the drenching rain and biting cold, I had had night sentry duty to do. Cold, with mud to my knees, marching up and down, the dawn at last broke, and in another hour, just as I was being relieved, I saw Throg's phiz peering through the flaps of his marquee, watching the operation of relieving sentry. This finished, he yelled out, "You poor devil, come here when they've done with you." I went, and then heard "Sambo, kill that cock ; prepare and grill him at once, and fetch him here. A cup of coffee, quick." When this was brought, and a small "tot" of brandy added, he handed the cup to me, saying, "Drink this, my boy ; it'll warm you." Kind-hearted Throg, one of the best of America's sons ! and this is not saying a little, for there are plenty of fine fellows amongst them. He has joined the great multitude in the great unknown land. *Requiescat in pace.*

That was a severe time for the volunteers, as the encampment was hardly formed when the storm came down, and our preparations were not completed for properly withstanding it ; however, the weather cleared beautifully afterwards, and the subsequent operations went off

brilliantly. I was for nine years a member of the Victoria Yeomanry. A fine body of men formed this corps, and all well-mounted and accoutred. The duties were light, consisting in weekly drill and sword and pistol practice. Socially it was popular, its annual ball and dinner being much appreciated—the former by the ladies, the latter by the sterner requirements of the men. It was not until the Maori War broke out in New Zealand that the volunteers came out before the country as a useful body in time of need. But at this time, when all the regular troops were required for this unhappy war, the volunteers came forward and offered to do garrison duty. This offer was accepted, and the yeomanry were appointed to find the guard for the powder magazine





## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### NEW QUARTERS.

**M**AINLY for the sake of a cooler climate for the youngsters, as well as a larger range of society for ourselves, town life being my aversion, I consented to rent the Warrayure and Tarrington estates from my father.

This country is situated in the west of Victoria, and about fifty miles from the sea-coast. It is totally different in all its characteristics from the country of the great plains of the Murrumbidgee. The Warrayure country consists of a fine open and undulating plain, richly grassed, and of a good and very fair agricultural soil. The estate has a frontage of some miles to a fine lake called Linlithgow. This lake has a circumference of nine miles, but the water is brackish, though wholesome for stock. English grasses grow fairly well in this



country, the climate being temperate and the rainfall tolerably copious and regular. The area of the two properties was 18,000 acres freehold, and the stock consisted of 24,000 sheep, some cattle, and horses. The rent was fixed at £6000 a year; but the properties would not yield this, clear of expenses, after the first year, owing to the depreciation in the value of stock in the first place, and still more lately to the fall in the value of wool. Here sheep management was brought to a greater state of perfection than then existed in the great northern plains, the paddocks were more numerous and smaller, and the carrying capacity of the country per acre more than double. The wool grows to greater perfection, is therefore more valuable, and will yield payable returns when perhaps stations in less-favoured districts will cease to do so. The country does not fatten sheep so quickly as in the saltbush plains, nor is the annual increase so large. The cost of management, too, is somewhat greater, and the taxes heavier—land-tax rates, &c. On Warrayure we managed to “get up” the wool in very fine condition. The wool was what was called “hot-water-washed.” The sheep is first thoroughly soaked in hot water, softened with soap and soda—we mostly used soft soap. The sheep was then plunged into cold water and at once held under, a strong flow or jet of cold water being turned completely

but slowly round under it, and then permitted to swim out into draining pens. After draining for a sufficient time it was allowed to go out into a green grass paddock. There were four of these paddocks between the "wash" and the shed, and when the sheep arrived at the last paddock, near the shearing shed, it was put into the shed for the night and shorn the next day. By this means wool was cleaned to great perfection for forwarding to the wool sales. One year my Warrayure clip averaged over two shillings per lb. in London, and once in Melbourne two shillings and a farthing. For the rest it was a pleasant country to live in, the society good and the people hospitable, the mounts Sturgeon and Abrupt rising into the sky some seven miles distant. Capital shooting, wild fowl abounding, while just after shearing snipe were in abundance. In one week's shooting four guns bagged one thousand and ninety snipe. In spite of plenty of work and plenty to see to it was a pleasant life, a house full for the shearing and shooting, plenty of driving, picnics, shooting, &c. A trip to Melbourne for the Cup, and Portland for the sea, filled up our time, not to forget an occasional race-meeting at Hamilton or in the district; nor must I omit my duties as a member of the Mount Rouseshire Council. I may mention that I was subsequently a member of the borough of Portland.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

### *PRINCE ALFRED'S VISIT TO CHATSWORTH, VICTORIA.*

**I**T was in the year 1867 that news came up to the station that H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh had arrived in Melbourne. Shearing had been late that year, and do what we would we couldn't manage to get down to Melbourne for the gaieties in honour of His Royal Highness's arrival. However, shearing over, and everything settled, we were off to Melbourne as fast as four good horses and steam could take us. On reaching Findon I found a budget of letters, invitations, &c.; amongst the latter, one from Mr. Moffatt of Hopkins Hill, inviting me to take part in the reception of the Duke of Edinburgh at his (Mr. Moffatt's) place, and as we had only come in for the tail end of the Melbourne festivities, I

at once accepted—more particularly as my uncle Edward wished to go up with me.

It was a glorious time of year as far as weather was concerned—though in Victoria we are not afflicted with a climate which has sun only for about three months out of the twelve, the other nine being divided into snow, rain, and fog, fog, rain, and snow, not to mention winds that shiver and shrivel one to the marrow; therefore, as a rule, Victorian weather seldom spoils sport. We were to go to Ballarat by train, and from there down to Hopkins Hill.

We arrived at Hopkins Hill after a rather hot and dusty journey of seventy-five miles with the same horses, and after a refreshing bath and a good rest we were shown over the house and domain by Mr. Moffatt, who had spared no expense to have everything princely for the occasion. The rooms were well arranged and handsomely furnished—indeed His Royal Highness's rooms were, to quote Paddy, "illigant." The Prince was to arrive at four o'clock, and before that time expectation had run high, even before and on our arrival—every one was on the *qui vive* for the signal for hoisting the royal standard—outside the drive the road was a mass of people on horseback, on foot, or in vehicles from all quarters, passing up and down

the road, craning their necks to try and catch a glimpse of royalty. Then some one was seen hurrying up with a note, or despatch, as it was termed by some, in our new atmosphere of expected royalty—but no, only another false alarm. It always astonishes one how patient we are upon these occasions, sometimes standing for hours without a growl or a grumble. In fact we made the best of things, joked and laughed with each other as we thronged the entrance steps and hall until nearly sundown, when at racing speed a rider brought the welcome intelligence, “The Prince is coming!” and in fact as *avant courier* a coach arrived with the royal luggage—a pause—and then a quiet, unassuming little buggy drove up. “More visitors,” said we, as we watched the occupants; but no, to our surprise it was the Prince himself, dressed in a brown tweed suit, with leather leggings. He nimbly ran up the steps to be welcomed by Mr. Moffatt and ourselves, and the reception ceremony was over.

The next day it was to have been arranged that a kangaroo hunt should take place, but as no one seemed to have given any orders to the men, and matters were in great confusion at the stables, I, accompanied by M’Knight (after much urging), went up to the house to see Moffatt and find out what was to be done. I

was at once introduced to the Prince, who, when I had explained that we were all anxious to give him some kangaroo hunting and shooting, immediately placed his armoury at my disposal to select the most suitable rifles, and also signified his pleasure at the proposed plan for his amusement. Moffatt now came forward and said, "Henty, take the management of everything down at the barracks and stables, horses and men, and do as you think best for the day." Returning to the barracks, I told my friends, and they all cordially agreed to help. The thing was to get rid of as many of the people, if possible, who were crowding in from all quarters and impeding my work. There was a large enclosure on De Little's station about twelve miles off. This enclosure was built up with very high sides of brushwood for the purpose of entrapping kangaroos. It was of good size, and full of standing trees. Gaunt volunteered to lead a number of horsemen to drive as many of the marsupials into this enclosure as possible. They now started. Next the grooms. Telling them the first would be sacked who disobeyed, they promised to obey my orders. Next I locked up a "super" (who was rather screwed) into a room, and put the key in my pocket. Now for the people. Mounting on a dray I harangued them and told them our

object—namely, to give the Prince some fun with the kangaroos, and begged them to do as I wished, as they would thus see plenty of the Prince and the hunt as well. They cheered and agreed—so I sent off about two hundred of the mounted ones to a rendezvous we named ; thus the crowd was greatly lessened, and we got on with the saddling and harnessing. There was one horse short however, and I had to lend my own trained hunter to the overseer (a sack of a man) to pilot the way. All was ready, but Moffatt's own turn-out, in which the Prince was to be driven, as I fully understood. But no, the most important equipment of all was nowhere. What was to be done? Harness was found, brand new, but in an awful state—take hours to untwist. There was nothing else for it, but to take Frank Henty's double-seated buggy (my own being left at an inn some miles away), and with my own two fairly quiet carriage-horses rig out a team and conveyance for the Duke ! This was done, when came the question, "Who is to drive?" I asked M'Mahon. "Oh, Moffatt, I suppose;" but no Moffatt came. I then said, "M'Mahon, you must drive ; you are on the committee of management." "Oh—ah—yes; but—but there might be an accident, for I don't think I could drive your horses." "Drive yourself, Henty," said several. Well, I

was in a sad mess, having been working like a nigger on this warm morning ; so calling a groom I had my horses put to, and telling him to keep them moving, I ran to my room, had a bath and a change of clothes, then jumped into the buggy, and awaited the Prince. There were about two hundred and fifty people who would follow us. These, however, Standish and Scott managed to keep a little way off. My horses were thoroughbreds, pretty fresh, and not used to crowds. The track was good, for some distance leading through alternate open and timbered country, until in the near distance a brush fence came into view with a gateway, through which we must pass. Fearing a crush, I got our *aides-de-camp* to tell the people to jump the fence, and away they went helter-skelter, some horses jumping clear, others propping, sending their riders over *nolens volens*, while others stuck in the middle. It was an amusing scene, no one was hurt, while we all indulged in hearty laughter. Our gateway was clear—this was a consolation, as I did not relish an accident with the Prince in the buggy. Now came a disagreeable part of the drive, for our track took us through a horrible crab-hole country for several miles, and as the pace was pretty sharp, our party got a nice shaking.



After crossing a rather nasty creek we drove up a fine smooth gully to the top of a hill, from which we saw the rendezvous. From thence we drove to the enclosure, and were informed that some thirty-five kangaroos had been driven in. The Prince took up his position, with some of his friends near, and began to practice upon the "long tails" which hopped past at some distance. It was no easy shooting, as many trees intervened; nevertheless, the Duke made some capital shots. To shoot kangaroos when going through timber will try the shooting powers of a first-class rifleman. On this occasion the Martini-Henry rifle was used.

The shooting over, and some refreshment taken, it was time to return.

Perhaps it would be as well to quote the well-written account from a local paper of that time.

It is as follows:—"The Prince was driven to the hunt by Mr. Richmond Henty, and Mr. Moffatt's overseer, Mr. M'Intyre, showed the way on a magnificent roan horse belonging to the same gentleman (Mr. Henty).

"The destination of the party was De Little's yards at Carramut, and I can assure you we had a rough drive of it over about a dozen miles of horrible crab-hole country. The sight, however, compensated for the jolting. Although the pace was pretty strong the whole cavalcade

kept well together, and the effect of so many horsemen riding in a compact body across the plains and up the hill was very pleasing, not to say imposing. We came to a halt at a spot some distance from the yards, and here the Prince alighted from the carriage and mounted a splendid black horse belonging to Mr. Hood, and accompanied by a few gentlemen, including Mr. Moffatt, set out at once to round up the kangaroos, it being arranged that when sufficient had been yarded a signal would be given for the rest of the party to approach and witness the sport. We were not kept waiting very long, and when we reached the yards we found that about thirty-five of the marsupials had been drawn into the enclosure to await their death. The carriages and horsemen drew up on one side of the fence, and the Prince, attended by Lieutenant Haig, Captain Standish, Mr. Paget, Mr. Onslow, Captain Anderson, and others, commenced to show his skill with the rifle.

“The kangaroos were driven past on the opposite side of the yard to that on which the spectators were ranged, and one by one fell victims to the skill of their royal executioner. Several of the gentlemen surrounding the Prince tried their hand at the work of slaughter, but by far the greater number of kangaroos were knocked over by the Duke himself, who is an

excellent shot. Two or three of the beasts succeeded in jumping the fence and getting away, but all that remained were very quickly disposed of, and then at the Duke's command collected for inspection. There were no very large kangaroos in the lot, but some few of tolerable size, and the Duke having expressed a wish to preserve some of the skins and claws, Mr. Moffatt himself, assisted by one or two others, remained behind to satisfy his Royal Highness's desire. While this skinning process was going on the Duke left the yards immediately, followed by the whole of the party. His intention was to ride back to Hopkins's Hill across country, and as Mr. Richmond Henty's roan horse, to which we have referred, was regarded as the surest jumper on the ground, he was selected for the honour of carrying the Duke. One gentleman, very well mounted, was charged with showing the way, but the Duke very soon put him out of conceit of his position by taking the lead and dashing his horse at the fences in gallant style and at a pace which soon left the field behind him. He is an excellent rider, and the courage with which he led the way was the subject of much admiration. It took very little time for him to get over the ground, and he was safely within the walls of Mr. Moffatt's house long before most

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of the stragglers had sighted the fence. Impromptu as this quasi-hunt necessarily was, the sport was excellent, and I am gratified to learn that Prince Alfred thoroughly enjoyed it."

Upon dismounting, the Prince said to me, rubbing his hands the while, "Mr. Henty, I fear my ride on your horse to-day has spoilt his chance for his race next week; he pulled awfully hard." "Never mind, sir; he has had the honour of carrying your Royal Highness—the race is but secondary—but you know he was trained for racing, and your Royal Highness rode him with a plain snaffle."

By the way, I may mention a little joke by my worthy uncle, Edward Henty. After dinner, Mr. Rutledge produced his snuff-box, and the Prince asked to be allowed to take a pinch, saying to my uncle, "Mr. Henty, is this Irish Black-guard?" My uncle replied, "No, your Royal Highness, it is true Prince's Mixture." The Duke laughed heartily at the joke.

The next day was Sunday, naturally enough a dull day, and there was church service. Shortly after daylight on Monday everything was bustle in active preparation for the Duke's start towards Ballarat. Before starting the Prince planted a tree in front of the house in honour of his visit. Moffatt drove the Prince as far as Lake Bolac in a drag belonging to Larnach (here he

breakfasted); we also having been invited to accompany the Prince to Ballarat joined the party. All being ready, a start was made, the spectators giving three hearty cheers, which were duly acknowledged by the Duke.

Upon arriving at the George Hotel, Ballarat (Craig's being full), I found my wife awaiting me, where she had been for some time much amused at the long procession preceding the entry of the Duke. She was quite ready to join in all the festivities which followed. Concerts, balls, banquets, volunteers, visits to gold mines, and last, but not least, the regatta on Lake Burrumbete. The pleasure on this day was somewhat marred by a strong cold gale of wind, which raised clouds of dust and partially spoilt the regatta; nevertheless, as every one determined to be pleased, the day passed off joyously, and was followed by a brilliant ball the same evening. Next day we all returned to Melbourne by the specail train with the Duke.





## CHAPTER XXX.

### *THE GOVERNOR'S VISIT TO WARRAYURE.*

**A**LTHOUGH it may appear somewhat egotistical on my part to pen the chapter I am about to write, yet under the circumstances I trust my readers will take a more lenient view of the case, and ascribe the narration to a wish on my part to show the interest one of our many Governors took in the welfare of the far west of Victoria—that far west so gloriously described by the great traveller, Major Mitchell, as *Australia Felix*. The west of Victoria has been too often confined to the country around Camperdown, Colac, the Fiery Creek Plains, &c., omitting altogether that grand country of beautiful undulating open forest lands—those rolling downs, looking like the upheaval of an underground sea, and stretching for miles upon miles, presenting to the eye the most lovely

country in this southern Australia, clothed withal with rich natural grasses, providing provender for horses, sheep, and cattle, and yielding, when cultivated, splendid supplies of all kinds of cereals and root crops. It is of such a country I wish to speak about in connection with the visit of our much honoured Governor, his Excellency Sir Henry Manners Sutton, afterwards Viscount Canterbury.

Well, I was at Warrayure, my father's station on Lake Linlithgow, at the time when I learnt that the Governor contemplated a visit to our part of the country to combine business with some pleasure—the former to acquire a knowledge of the capabilities of this fair portion of Victoria, the other to obtain a shot at the numerous snipe and other game which annually visited us at this season of the year. I immediately sent an invitation, through the *aide-de-camp*, for his Excellency to take up his quarters with me. I say me, for my wife and family were then in Portland, while I was in the midst of sheepwashing and shearing—always a critical time for the wool-grower. The invitation was accepted, but to my dismay I found that Lady Manners Sutton and her daughter would accompany the Governor. Bachelor's quarters! and ladies coming! I smoked a pipe. B——, my brother-in-law to be, was disconcerted.

"What the dickens shall we do, Bob," said I. "Bothered if I know," said Bob; "old man, you've put your foot in it this time." Here were we two fellows, who could and did face any amount of work and management amongst stock, utterly flabbergasted by the intimation that ladies were coming to stay with us. But this would not do. Act we must, and that promptly to. Well, we set to work and got the yards, stables, coachhouse, bedrooms, sitting-rooms, &c., cleaned and made ready, but even then we felt conscious there was something wanting, but for the life of us we could not tell what, and this was Thursday, and the Viceregal party would be up on Saturday! when to our immense relief a telegram arrived from my wife saying she would be up that night with her servants, bringing plate, linen, &c. A huge load was lifted off our minds, as we felt sure that upon her arrival all would be well. Talk about the uselessness of women! why, God bless me, it is we men who are helpless in straits like these. My wife was equal to the emergency, and we were soon bundled out of doors, and went off very much relieved to our sheep-washing and shearing, though my wife always had a little joke against me on that occasion, for on her arrival saying, "How far have you got on with the preparations?" I said,



“Oh, I’ve been to Klugs, the chemist, and got everything supplied, pretty brushes, toilet bottles, &c., for the bedrooms, and such nice perfumes !” At which my wife laughed heartily, and at once turned her thoughts to a professed cook, entrées, &c., saying “The Governor couldn’t possibly subsist on scented soap or Jockey Club bouquet.”

However, Saturday came, and everything was declared to be in apple-pie order, my wife putting a finishing touch to the flowers in the different rooms when Lady Manners Sutton and her daughter, with their servants and escort, arrived, very pleased with their welcome, and rather glad to have a few hours’ quiet rest in our country home. The Governor’s party had been visiting my uncle (Edward Henty) and aunt at Portland, thence to Murndal, Mr. Winter’s place, on the Wannon, and thence *via* Hamilton to our place, Warrayure, the Governor visiting Mr. Hutton’s place, Cheviot Hills, near Penshurst, *en route*, to shoot snipe, and in the evening I drove over to meet him and bring him home. Sir Henry had had a good day’s sport, and the kind, hospitable Mr. Hutton had entertained the party right royally. At the lunch the Governor pledged my health in a bumper of sherry. Alas ! the sherry and brandy had both been put in decanters, and we inadvertently filled our

glasses with the latter. I drank mine off without thinking, but the Governor, more prudent, only sipped his, and then put the glass down. However, as I had been wet most of the day at the "wash," and, moreover, had had a long drive, I found no ill effects from the "dose," and so having got the whole party seated in my phaeton and other buggies I started my four blacks at a swinging trot for home. Over the open rolling plains we travelled in gallant style, rounding the end of the fence jutting into Lake Linlithgow up to the axle-trees in water (I knew the bottom was sound), and thence away through the Broadwater paddock and then the lake ditto for the homestead.

Anticipating darkness before we could arrive, I had previously instructed the overseer to erect poles with tar barrels on the top, and to light them at dusk, as a guide for me. This was done, and the blazing fires in the darkness were most effective, as well as answering the purpose intended. The overseer also arranged all the men in two long lines each side of the entrance gates, each man holding a torch to light the way, and as we passed they gave three hearty cheers for the Governor. After a bath, a good dinner followed, then some music and a song from that keen old sportsman Pop Seymour, and so to bed (as Mr. Pepys hath it), which was

most welcome. We had asked several friends to meet the Governor at dinner that night, and as many of them coming with the Governor's party had sent their valises in the morning, and their clothes had been laid out in the bachelor's quarters (which had been reduced to one room) by the servants, it was rather amusing to hear the arguments amongst our visitors as to "the wrong coat," "my waistcoat, by Jove!" &c., much like the green-room of a provincial theatre before the curtain draws up. The next day was Sunday, and spent, I am sure, enjoyably by all as a day of rest. The weather was magnificent, and the country and farms about looked in their best array.

After breakfast the Governor retired to his room to read his despatches (my wife declared it was "Jorrock's Hunt" Sir Henry had, or a book very like it), and we men strolled away for a smoke. After a scratch lunch (our station habit) of soup and cold game pie, we all took a walk over the paddocks with Lady Manners Sutton and her daughter. Having persuaded the Governor to stay till Tuesday, and to consent to our giving a ball in his honour the next evening (Monday), we had no time to lose, so adjourned to my office, there to scribble as many invitations as we could possibly send in time to our neighbours, post-haste. My object in this was to

enable the surrounding settlers to be introduced to the Governor. On Monday evening some sixty people mustered up for the occasion, and I was much indebted to Mr. Henry Scott for kindly lending us new tarpaulins with which we enclosed our large verandah, over ninety feet long, thus making it an excellent promenade for the company. On Monday morning the Governor and his son started off very early for a shooting expedition, I joining them later on with "tiffins," after escorting Lady Manners Sutton and her daughter to the shearing-shed; and I certainly felt proud to show them the snow-white fleeces as they were spread on the sorter's table, fresh from the hands of the shearers, all busy at work and too well behaved even to stop and "have a stare" at the kind and gentle faces of the ladies that were watching them with novel interest. After which I was escort to Miss Manners Sutton in a ride, and then off to the shooting; and so the day passed on, and the Governor returned, very pleased at having made a good bag; and although his Excellency had been out all day, he kindly told my wife that after dinner and an hour's rest he would be quite ready to open the ball with her. Mr. Manners Sutton insisted that it was my duty, and refused to introduce the visitors, so laughingly I submitted and led up the ladies one after another in a

properly dignified manner, and it was rather amusing to witness the flutter of some of these quiet dames as they entered the Viceregal presence. The dancing was kept up till daylight, the Governor and Lady Manners Sutton's party having retired at two o'clock. It was a glorious night, and the party had been a success, for it had the desired effect of bringing the Governor face to face with many of the landowners of the west of Victoria. On Tuesday I drove the Governor and Mr. Manners Sutton, my wife, with Lady Manners Sutton and her daughter, as far as Dunkeld, where we bade them Godspeed, and returned home, both of us quite charmed with the pleasant and agreeable society of our late visitors.

There was a very fine garden at Warrayure, and the Governor very kindly sent me some two hundred young oaks from his own nurseries at Toorak. I sent a very fine black swan to Miss Manners Sutton.





## CHAPTER XXXI.

### *A WORD ON STATION LIFE.*

**V**ERY different to the Warrayure country was my experience in station life in the Old Man Plain, when, before the run was fenced in, the greatest insight into sheep-station management could be obtained, as then the time of the overseer was fully occupied in visiting shepherds as well as superintending the various necessary improvements, such as the making of sheep-yards, dams, tanks, &c. The shepherds were a curious species of humanity: totally unfit for any other occupation, they yet made good shepherds; too utterly lazy to do anything laborious, they could yet manage to follow the flock out to the feeding ground, and when the proper time had arrived head them back in another direction to camp. Horrid old ruffians

they were too ! and prone to get into the vilest of tempers. This, however, was not altogether to be wondered at, considering that as far as society was concerned they led a very lonesome life. Their huts were only visited once a week by the ration cart, and the shepherd perhaps twice a week by the overseer. This kind of life was not calculated to create any great amount of exhilaration, so perhaps their outbursts of temper must be excused. They were a queer lot, and were mostly old convicts. Some of these men remained with me for years, and when you got to know their peculiarities were manageable. I have had the most erudite fellows amongst them, men well up in the classics and the best English literature, even to reciting Shakespeare or Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Paley's Evidences—no doubt ne'er-do-weel's of their family. To all such, books were naturally a great source of pleasure, and a distraction from perhaps their mournful reflections over bygone times, of happy surroundings, of opportunities lost, of sorrow from giving way to vice and temptation, who knows ! A quantity of books were kept on the station for the use of those who could read. At each shepherd's hut or cabin, for they were nothing more, I had a tank dug, lined and covered with pine logs, to hold about 5000 gallons of water. These would

fill in the winter season, and thus a fine supply of cool fresh water was obtained—a great boon in summer time, and a vast saving of labour, of water casks, and of horse flesh, for in this dry country water had to be carted out to each shepherd in casks very often during summer until the institution of the underground tanks. Drafting sheep is an operation that one has to learn. It is best done by means of a swing hurdle, and several thousand sheep can be put through in a day if the yards are properly planned.

A station upon which sheep are shepherded is far the best to initiate a new chum in the mystery of station management. When the run is fenced in one has comparatively little to do; the sheep are divided off into the different paddocks as may be thought desirable, and then all one has to do is to see that the fences are right, and to quietly pass through the sheep occasionally, to accustom them to your presence, and so prevent them getting too wild. A few cattle to supply a small milking herd, and working bullocks if desired, and about a dozen horses to work this station, with say for 30,000 sheep. When fencing can be managed inexpensively it should be done, as it pays in every way—it saves expense in working, it increases the carrying capacity of a run, while



the wool grows better and is freer from dirt and burr. The sheep get a little wilder, it is true, but this tendency can be checked by careful management. Sheep station life may be somewhat monotonous, but still if a young man wishes to win fortune it is surely well to sacrifice a few years of early life to this object, which he is sure to attain provided he gets a fair start, has average luck in seasons, lives temperately, and keeps the object steadily in view—you cannot eat your cake and have it. Better to spend ten or twelve years in gaining an independence, and have many years to enjoy it, than to *live* those ten or twelve years and then be as badly off as when you started. Remember, too, that station life is a healthy one; besides, one is not compelled to live without some of the ordinary amenities of life, music, writing, reading, hunting, or shooting on the station (but no horse-racing), and with the occasional visits of neighbours the time will not hang heavily. For sheep-farming in Australia, if you wish for a large increase or for fattening, choose saltbush and generally open country. This country is not so good for wool-growing, very open timbered country being preferable. Sheep require plenty of water, so always provide a large supply of this indispensable fluid, store it in dams and underground tanks, and if your country is in a dry district

never rest until you find water below the surface in wells. I write from experience. With country well-supplied with water, understocked, fenced in and subdivided, one need never fear even a protracted drought.





## CHAPTER XXXII.

### *GAME, ETC.*

**T**HE game-birds on the saltbush plains were numerous at the different periods of the year—I noticed that when water was plentiful or stored in dams many new kinds appeared. Of ducks we had the black duck, the common teal, the widgeon, “the whistling teal,” so called from their soft melodious short whistle. They have very broad bills, soft mottled-grey and brown plumage, with a dot of magenta on each side of the head. They build their nests in the polygonium bush in the small swamps, and line them inside with the dark-grey down taken from their breasts, so that at a little distance the nest looks like a black opossum curled up asleep. The black swan and sometimes the brown goose with its yellow wattles also came. All these birds bred on the run in the season, so that

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eggs at that time were plentiful, and a delicacy resembling plovers' eggs, when cooked. Only two or three were taken from each nest. When riding on the run inspecting stock and the fences, &c., some ducks' eggs boiled, and some well-made "damper," washed down with some tea (the settler's drink), made no mean lunch. On the plains we had plover, dotterel, and the king of game, the wild turkey or bustard, which latter would range in weight from ten to twenty-five pounds. Quail, too, were at times very plentiful, and afforded good sport. At one time we had a good many emus.

As is well known, these birds, like the ostrich and cassowary, cannot fly. They can, however, run very fast, and when not fat will try the pace of a good horse. I seldom hunted them, in fact, never at Moonbria, unless a visitor wished for a skin. On one occasion, when going out with a sheep-buyer to see a flock of sheep, I took with me a young Scotch friend who was staying with us to learn station life and stock management. Five emus crossed our path; my Scotch friend became very excited, and begged for a hunt. I agreed. He was riding a half-broken, slop-bred kind of beast that he had purchased. We started, and after an exciting run I came up with an emu and threw the lash of my stock-whip round its neck, bringing it to

the ground. My friend now came up, arms and legs swinging, and very excited. He was off his horse in a second, and hugged the emu by the neck, thereby, to his surprise and consternation, choking it to death. However, he determined to take it home, and then skin it. He caught his horse and brought it for me to hold while he lifted the huge bird on to the saddle. I may say that horses have a great dislike to emus—a dislike amounting to horror in young horses. Having strapped the bird on the saddle, my friend put his foot in the stirrup and then his other long leg over the horse's back. The horse was bathed in perspiration and shaking with fear, its nostrils expanded, and its eyes staring. "Take care, Henry," I shouted as I let go the bridle. The horse gave one "buck"—such a "buck"—and away went my poor friend shot yards ahead, arms spread out before, and legs, very long ones, behind, a regular spread-eagle, the saddle and emu following immediately. "Did ye ever see sich an evil-tempered beastie in a' yer life," said Henry sitting up, and looking half-dazed with astonishment. Upon this we just screamed with laughter; it was too, too funny. But, reader, have you ever been bucked off a horse. Well, don't try the sensation, for if you do, you will know what being, as the Yankees say, "cata-

wompously chawed up" means. Henry was very plucky though, and nothing daunted he saddled the beastie, and mounting himself, with the emu across the saddle, he started once more for home, the horse tearing like mad, and could scarcely be pulled in, until, snorting and blowing, he reached the house.

Wild dogs (the dingo of the natives) used to be very numerous and very destructive amongst the sheep and lambs. However, I soon got rid of the pest, though not till the trunk of the old pine tree near the hut was covered with the tails of the slain. The only other animal besides the kangaroo was the "paddie melon," a very gracefully formed kind of small kangaroo or wallaby. It frequented the small scrubs on the sand ridges, and had the peculiarity of always holding one arm or paw straight out before it as it sped along the paths intersecting the bushes. It afforded capital sport, while its flesh, roasted like a hare, was a great dainty. There were a very few red kangaroos of the old man species (old man, blackfellow for "big.") An occasional roast or steak of kangaroo was not to be despised, whilst the tails made excellent soup. Before the runs were fenced in wild horses were numerous, and afforded some capital hunting. A gallop after wild horses over the plains, with the prospect of a

“burster” when crossing the crab-hole country, was exciting. I once saw nearly two hundred wild horses pass the camp, just as the sun was sinking below the western horizon, at full gallop, and led by a noble white stallion, as with flowing mane and tail he swept proudly by.

There were a good many snakes, and all venomous but one, the tree-snake. The varieties of the former kind were the whip-snake, the death or deaf adder, the dark, dirty, copper-coloured snake, with ugly yellow underneath, a vile repellent-looking reptile, and very deadly, some lizards, and occasionally the large crocodile-shaped iguana, reaching often to four feet in length. These creatures would, when surprised, jump away with a loud snap, and bark, like a dog. I must not omit to mention an adventure we had once with a number of rock snakes at Walla Walla, near the home station. There is a high hill, on the top of which are two immense masses of granite. On one of these, about eight feet from the ground, is a kind of flat or platform, about ten feet long and four wide, above which the face of the rock towers many feet.

These rocks were a favourite resort of ours on Sunday afternoons, for from this commanding height a fine view could be obtained of the surrounding country, while we enjoyed our post-

prandial smoke. Climbing to the platform, one of my friends, G——, disappeared for a time, then started back suddenly, shouting, "Good Heavens! take care, you fellows; throw me up some sticks." He was somewhat excitable, so throwing him up the sticks we rather laughed at his conduct, when we three others following up, got a great scare, and the four of us were soon huddled together at one end of the rock, in the cleft of which were three huge snakes, past which each had to go, the only accessible way we had of reaching the "flat," while another huge reptile crept out of a hole and wriggled along close to our feet. It then began to creep into a hole. As soon as its head disappeared our friend G—— was seized with a fit of uncontrollable excitement. He jumped forward and caught the snake by the tail. Upon this the snake turned its head with about three feet of its body round a piece of rock and tried to attack us, hissing horribly the while, opening its jaws and showing a formidable row of teeth. G—— was being gradually dragged forward. Seeing this Tom caught him round the waist, Ned got hold of Tom, while I seized Ned. Behold, then, we four fellows hanging on to a snake's tail, while his snakeship tried hard to get clear and make an attack upon us. The snake was strong, the tension was great, but at last our weight told,



when "crack," and the body of the snake parted in two, while the reaction sent us down, huddled together on the platform of the rock. Recovering from our amazement at this unexpected *denouement*, G—— became frantic, and grasping a stick began to poke the other three snakes out of the cleft in which they were lodged. Presently first the heads, then half the bodies of the snakes appeared outside the cleft, and then G——, springing to the edge of the platform and leaning over waged furious war with his stick upon the infuriated reptiles, as their half-freed bodies waving to and fro, hissing and trying ineffectually to dart at G——. We had to hold on to his coat-tails to prevent his falling over the ledge. The snakes were eventually destroyed—one measured eight feet four inches, and the others about six feet two in length, and about a foot in circumference. We found subsequently that these snakes are not venomous. The reader must remember that the bite of nearly all Australian snakes is deadly, so our fright may be excused, as we did not know at the time that the snakes we had killed were of the rock snake or python species, and therefore not venomous.





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